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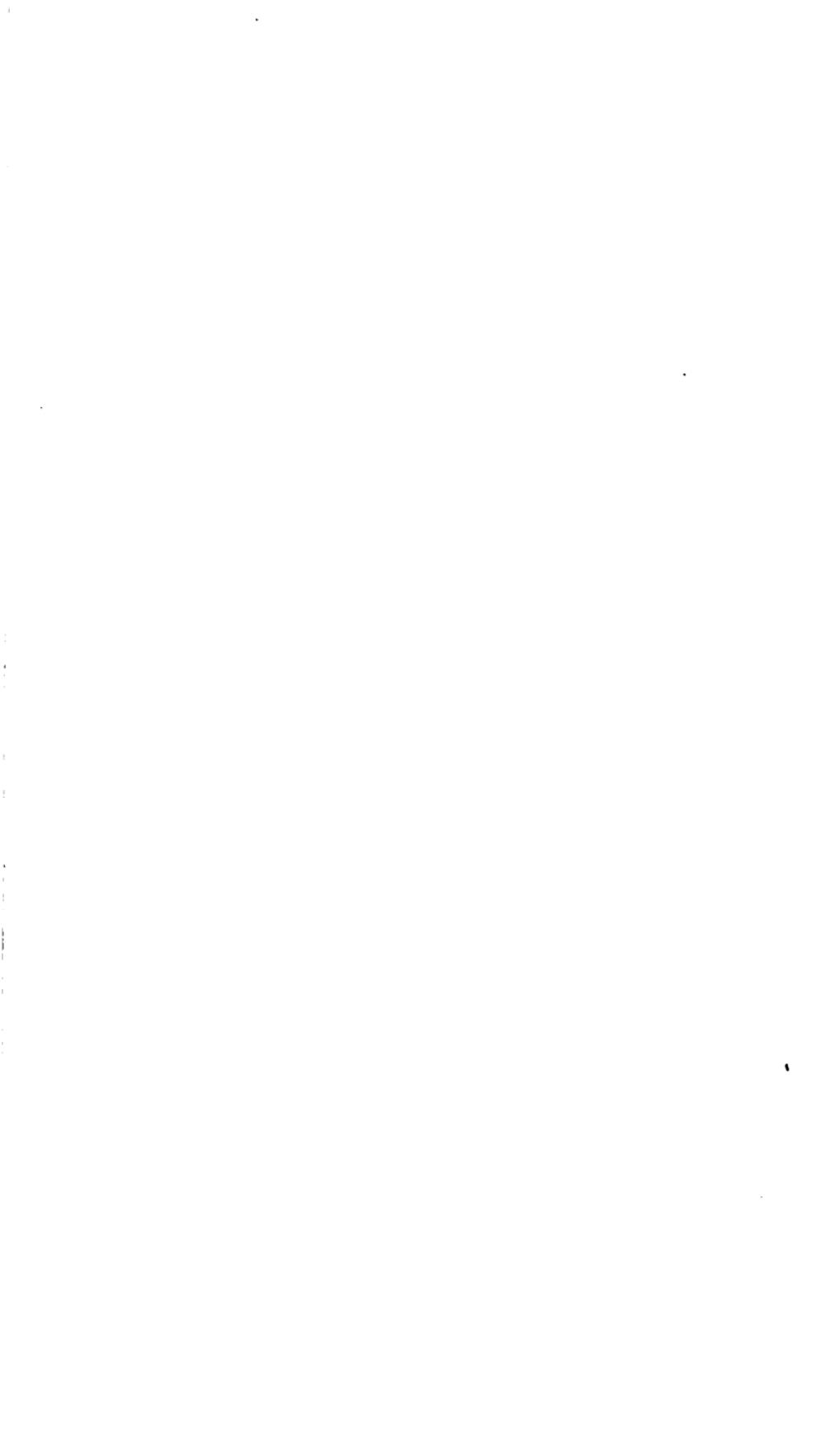
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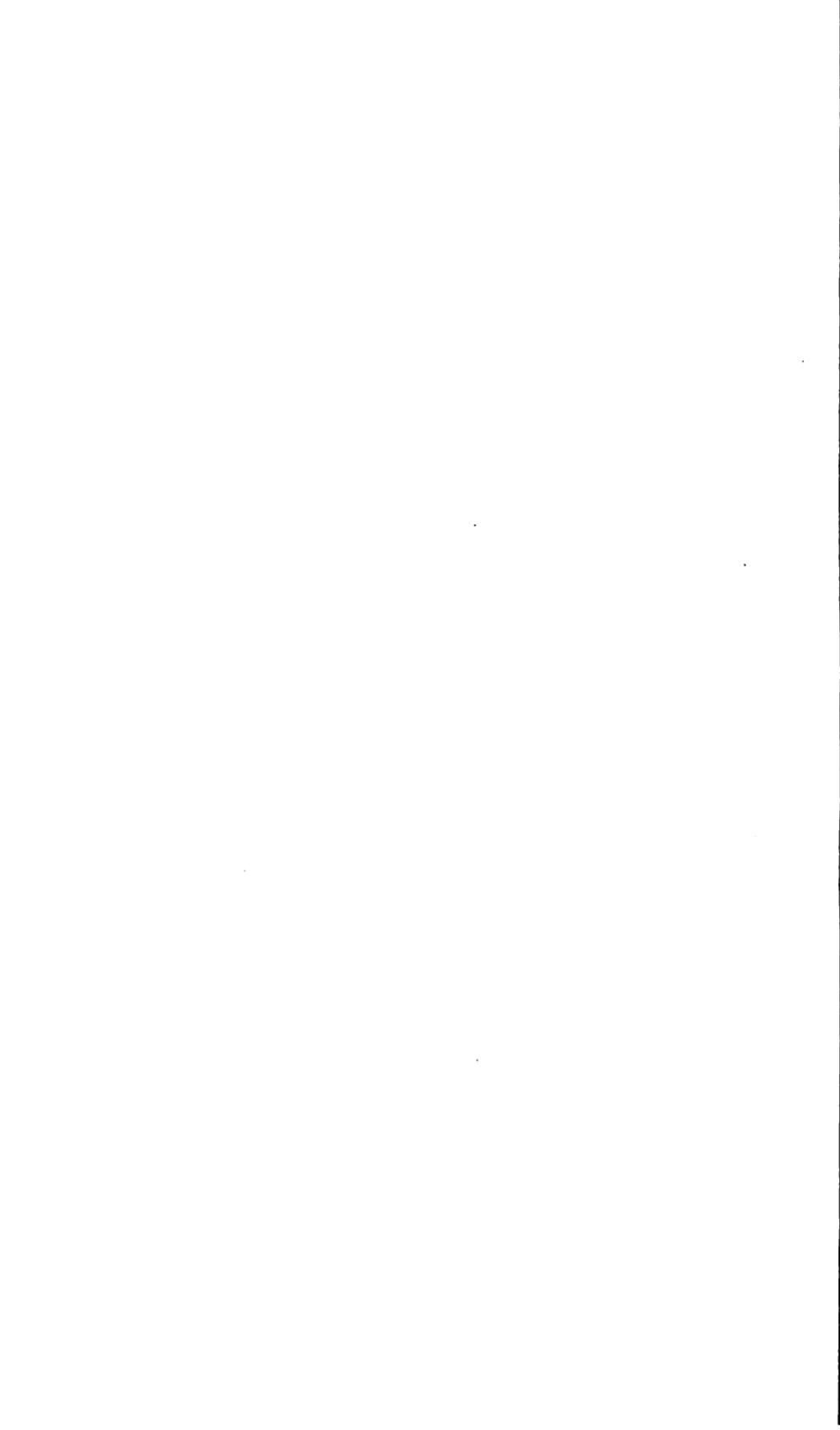


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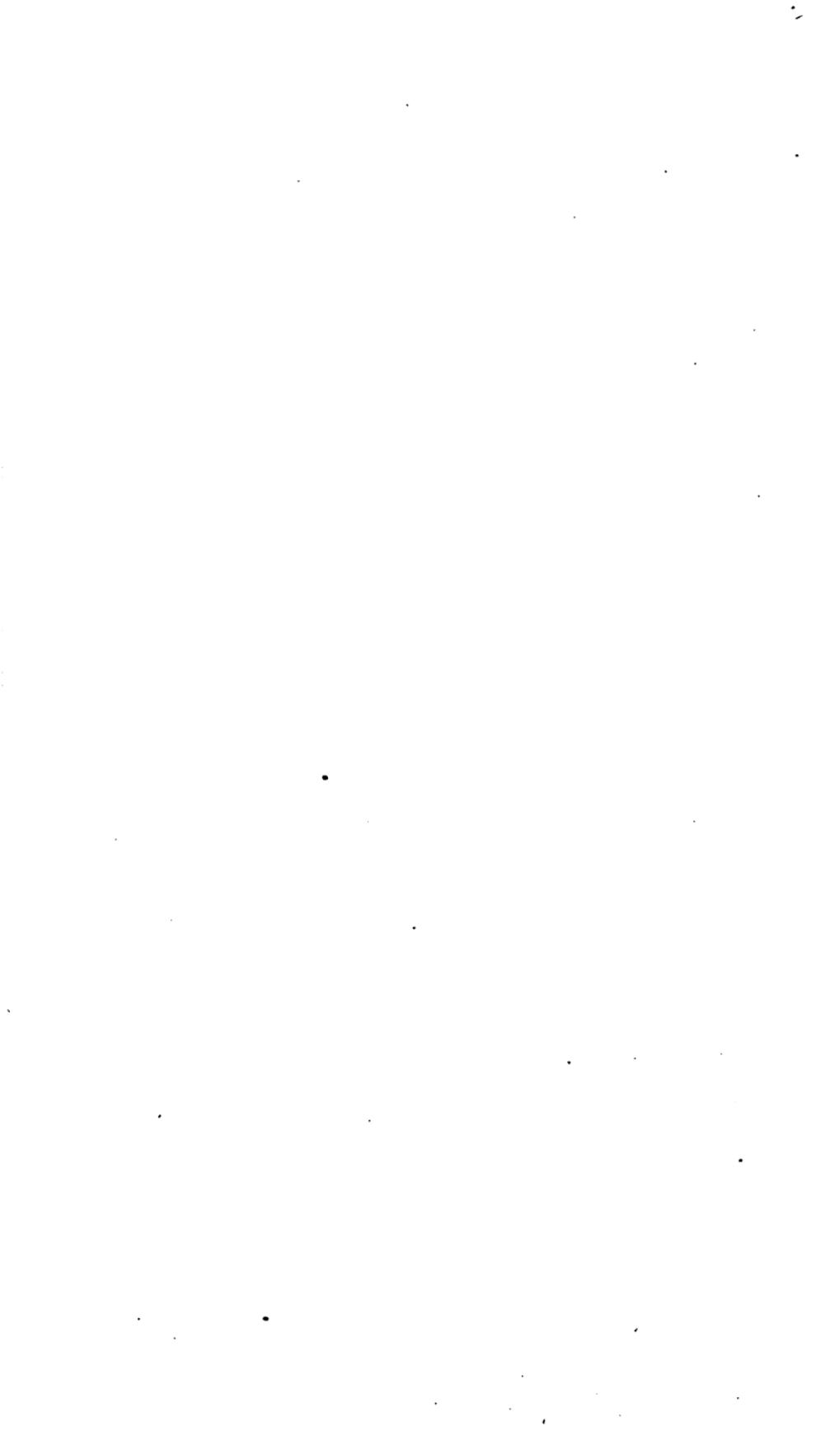








Specimens
OF THE
GERMAN LYRIC POETS.



119

Specimens
OF THE
GERMAN LYRIC POETS:
CONSISTING OF
TRANSLATIONS IN VERSE,
FROM THE WORKS OF
BÜRGER, GOETHE, KLOPSTOCK, SCHILLER, &c.

INTERSPERSED WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES,
And Ornamented with Engravings on Wood,
BY THE FIRST ARTISTS.



London:
BOOSEY AND SONS, 4, BROAD STREET; AND RODWELL
AND MARTIN, NEW BOND STREET.

1822.

H.W.P.



ADVERTISEMENT.

The chief portion of the following Translations was published at Berlin, about twenty years ago, in a Musical Work, comprising some of the best German Melodies. The words to those Melodies were from the pen of an English gentleman of the name of Beresford, who was long resident in Germany: they met with so favourable a reception, that the same Publisher was afterwards induced to print them without the music, in two Vols. 12mo. accompanied by the original text in opposite columns. To that Edition, the Lines addressed to the Queen of Prussia on her Birthday, which are stated to be an original composition by the author of the Translations, were subjoined. The great popularity which these Translations obtained abroad, their scarcity, and the unquestionable merit they possess, are the motives which gave rise to the present reprint of them, without the German context, an unnecessary appendage to a Publication designed for English readers. A few more Poems, translated from the same language, by Mr. Mellish, late British Consul at Hamburg, have likewise been added. To render this little Volume complete, the

Publishers prevailed upon a gentleman, a German by birth, of great taste and knowledge of his native literature, to furnish Biographical Sketches of most of the eminent Writers from whose Works the Selection was made. These Sketches are partly original, partly derived from sources of difficult access, and from the information of persons of the highest authority on such subjects. The Publishers flatter themselves that the Embellishments and the general appearance of the Work are such as do no discredit to its contents.

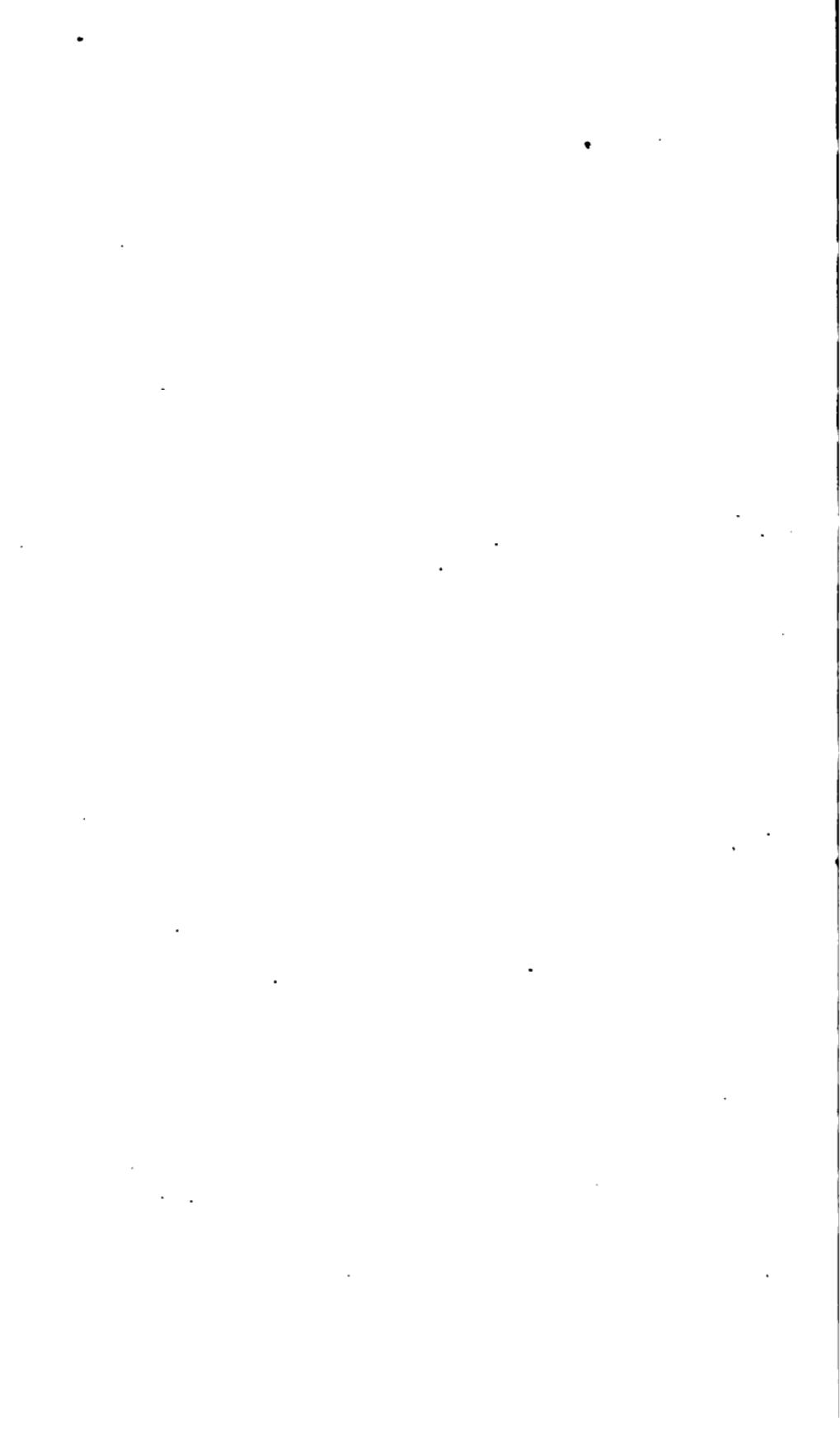
Broad Street,
October, 1821.

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Specimens
OF THE
GERMAN LYRIC POETS.

BÜRGER.

THE success which the justly celebrated ballad of Leonora has obtained in England, renders it remarkable that public attention should not have been more awakened to other works by the same author, and that so little curiosity should have been manifested to ascertain the peculiarities of his character, and to learn the particulars of his history. Hitherto, however, most of his beautiful romances, some of which Bürger himself held in higher estimation than Leonora, are almost entirely unknown in this country, and their author is known but by name. It is therefore hoped, that this biographical outline, together with the interesting specimens which follow, will not be unwelcome to the English reader.

Gottfried Augustus Bürger was born the 1st of January, 1748, at Walmerswemle, in the principality

of Halberstadt; and died in the year 1794, at Gottingen, where he filled the chair of Professor of Philosophy. His father was a clergyman in the principality above named.

Bürger, who, when arrived at the age of manhood was all spirit and gaiety, was, when a child, remarkable for excessive dulness and stupidity. It required two years to teach him the inflection of *mensæ*, which, although the severest punishments were inflicted on him, he could not be brought to comprehend sooner; and he entered his tenth year with no other acquirements than reading and writing. The first indication of any thing like talent which he displayed, was a great fondness for poetry. He delighted in solitude, and cherished those sombre feelings which are inspired by midnight meditation, and by rambling through dark forests and unfrequented spots. After having been removed, with little advantage, from one school to another, he entered, in 1768, at the university of Gottingen. Here his imprudence and irregularity of conduct laid the foundation of those many sufferings which he had to combat in after-life. Instead of providing, by study, for the means of future subsistence, he wasted, by imprudent association, all that was most valuable to him—time, money, and reputation. His grandfather, incensed at his conduct, withdrew from him his assistance and protection.

Bürger's ruin would now have been inevitable, had he not had the good fortune to form an intimacy with Sprengel, Holtz, Voss, and Count Stolberg. Those

celebrated men were all at this time young students in the University, and had established a literary society for mutual improvement. Encouraged by their example, he now began to study with ardour the best ancient and modern classics, but his favourite author was Shakspeare. Percy's Relics, which had afterwards so powerful an influence on his mind, became his constant pocket companion; and about this time his poems began to attract notice. In 1772, he at last obtained, by the aid of his friends, a permanent situation, which not only was the means of reconciling him with his grandfather, but, moreover, induced the worthy old man to pay his debts, and even to be answerable for him to a considerable amount. The money was unfortunately deposited with one of Bürger's friends, who applied it to his own use. The event was one of the most important in our Poet's life, as in it originated that embarrassment of his finances which continued to the last moment of his existence, and which so materially influenced his poetical character.

His marriage, in 1774, became a source of still greater misfortunes, which he has himself described in language truly affecting. Cabal and intrigue compelled him to resign his office in Alten Gleichen, and from this time he resided at Gottingen—at first as a private teacher, and subsequently as a professor of philosophy, deriving, however, no emolument from his office. Abandoned by his wife, without the aid of powerful friends, almost without the means of subsistence, his whole frame shaken by the repeated and

painful sufferings, poor Bürger lived a life of wretchedness, and finally experienced the fate of so many men of genius, dying, in 1794, a victim to grief and misery. If we follow the unhappy poet through this long labyrinth of misfortunes, we are at a loss to account for the extent and variety of his writings. He has composed Odes, Elegies, Ballads, and Epigrams. In no one style of poetical composition does he maintain an inferior rank; and in some, the unanimous voice of his countrymen has assigned to him the first place. Schiller's famous judgment on his poems, was always remembered by Bürger with pain. The critique of A. W. Schlegel is more just, and from that we may fairly quote, to conclude this slight memoir. "Bürger," he observes, "is a poet of an imagination more original than comprehensive; of feelings more honest and candid, than tender and delicate: he is more successful in the execution, than in the invention of his plan; more at home in romance, than in the lofty regions of the Lyric Muse."



THE MAID I MEAN.

How in the charms of countless loves
The Maid I mean divinely moves!
And when she speaks, and I the while
Am wrapt, whence comes her magic smile?
To her, as special boons of Heav'n,
Grace, eloquence, and smiles are giv'n.

Who gave her eyes their fire and hue,
So piercing bright, so mildly blue?
He 'twas, the great Omnipotent,
Who fram'd the Stars and Firmament,
He gave her eyes their fire and hue
So piercing bright, so mildly blue.

Who o'er the Maiden's dimpled cheek
Diffused the blush so chaste and meek?
He who the Ev'ning's placid sky
With the departing light can dye,
He o'er the Maiden's dimpled cheek
Diffus'd the blush so chaste and meek.

Who on her lips such virtue shed
Than roses sweeter and more red?
He who enamels Enna's vale,
Who gives perfume to Enna's gale,
He on her lips such virtue shed
Than roses sweeter and more red.

Who fashion'd for the matchless fair
The golden ringlets of her hair?
He who the curling clouds displays,
And tinges with the solar rays,
He fashion'd for the matchless fair
The golden ringlets of her hair.

Who fram'd those white and even rows
Of teeth, her op'ning lips disclose?

Who drops of dew to pearls congeal'd,
And then in coral beds conceal'd?
He fram'd those white and even rows
Of teeth, her op'ning lips disclose.

Who gave to this celestial fair
Such witching breathings of sweet air?
'Twas he, the great, the mighty Lord,
Who tunes the spheres sublime accord,
He gave to this celestial fair
Such witching breathings of sweet air.—

And who, to make complete the whole,
Breath'd into clay this Angel-Soul?
To whom the glory, but to him
Whose breath's the Soul of Seraphim:
'Twas he, to make complete the whole,
Breath'd into clay this Angel-Soul.

Great Artist, hail! whose touch divine
Could thus Creation's choice combine—
And yet, if all this world of charms
Were destin'd for another's arms,
I would I never had been born,
Nor seen the Maid, her loss to mourn.



LOVE'S WITCHCRAFT.

MAIDEN, look me in the face ;
Stedfast, serious—no grimace !
Maiden, mark me, now I task thee,
Answer, quickly, what I ask thee ;
Steadfast, look me in the face ;
Little vixen—no grimace !

Frightful, art thou not ; 'tis true,
Eyes thou hast of lovely blue ;
Lips and cheeks, the rose defying,
Bosom, snow in whiteness vying.
Charms thou hast ;—ah, sure 'tis true ;
Killing eyes of azure hue !

Be thou lovely ;—yet, I ween,
Fair thou art, but not a queen :
Not the queen of all that's charming ;
Not alone all hearts alarming.

Fair and bright ;—but still, I ween,
Bright and fair ; but not a queen !

When I turn me here and there,
Scores of lovely maids appear ;
Scores of maids, in beauty blooming,
Claims, as fair as thine, assuming :—
Scores of maidens, here and there,
Smile as sweet, and look as fair !

Yet hast thou imperial sway ;—
I, thy willing slave, obey !
Sway imperial, now to tease me,
Now to soothe, and now to please me.
Life and death attend thy sway ;
See thy willing slave obey !

Scores of maidens !—what a train !
Scores and scores !—yet all were vain,
Should ev'n thousands strive to chace thee
From the throne where Love doth place thee ;
Tens of thousands !—what a train !
All their fondest arts were vain !

Look me, charmer, in the face ;
Little vixen, no grimace !
Tell me, why for thee I'm sighing,
Thee alone, and others flying ?
Little charmer, no grimace !
Speak, and look me in the face !

Long the cause I've vainly scann'd,
 Why to thee alone I bend!—
 Tortur'd thus, nor know the reason!
 Martyr still to am'rous treason!
 Fair enchantress! 'fore me stand:
 Speak—and shew thy magic wand!

WINTER SONG.

Now Winter strips, with ruthless haste,
 The poplar's leafy pride;
 Deforms the vale with chilling blast,
 And checks the crystal tide:
 While each fair flow'r of brightest glow,
 Lies deep entomb'd in ice and snow.

Yet, luckless blossoms, cease to claim
 The sympathetic lay,
 In Fanny's face your colours beam,
 And sweeter hues display;
 Bright azure shines in either eye,
 Her lips the rose's tints defy.

Nor more let Philomela wail,
 And let the lark be still,
 While Fanny's dearer notes prevail,
 And softer warblings trill;
 Her lips exhale the breath of Spring,
 Fresh winnow'd by the zephyr's wing.

And when the melting kiss I snatch,
And hold her to my heart,
The cherry and the juicy peach
Not half such sweets impart.
What then for May have I to care,
While Spring and Summer bloom in her !

FANNY'S WORTH.

COULD Fanny's charms be barter'd
For gold and jewels rare ;—
And had I countless treasures,
I'd give them all for her !
Let him whom wealth enamours,
Still wear its sordid chain ;
Alas ! without dear Fanny,
To me all wealth were vain !

If Europe's ample regions
My potent sway should own ;
And could I Fanny purchase,
I'd gladly yield my crown :
For city, throne, and palace,
And wide-extended mead,
I'd take my blooming Fanny,
Were all I own'd a shed.

Tho' fate alone determines,
How long we loiter here;
Yet could I wing the minutes,
And speed their swift career;
Whole years, I swear, should vanish,
For hours, were she my own;—
For hours, and dearest Fanny,
But mine, and mine alone!

MUTUAL LOVE.

COULD I fancy, that for me,
Thou a transient thought could'st spare;
Or, of what I feel for thee,
E'en a thousandth part could'st share;—

When I greet thee, would'st thou deign
One kind look to bid me live;—
Or, one kiss return again;
Sweet return, for those I give;—

All dissolv'd in tender joy,
High my raptur'd heart would beat;
Fondly at thy feet I'd sigh;
Fondly call my bondage sweet!

Dear the change of mutual vows;
Love return'd, new love shall claim:—
And the spark, that faintly glows,
Soon shall blaze an ardent flame!



LEONORA,

A BALLAD.

FROM sickly dream, sad Leonor'
Upstarts at morning's ray:
"Art faithless, William?—or no more?
How long wilt bide away?"
He march'd in Fred'rick's warlike train,
And fought on Prague's ensanguin'd plain;
Yet no kind tidings tell,
If William speeds him well.

The king, and fair Hungaria's queen,
At length bid discord cease;
Each other eye with milder mien,
And hail the grateful peace.

And now the troops, a joyous throng,
 With drum and uproar, shout and song,
 All deck'd in garlands fair,
 To welcome home repair.

On ev'ry road, on ev'ry way,
 As now the crowd appears,
 See young and old their path belay,
 And greet with friendly tears.

“Praise God!” each child and matron cry’d,
 And, “Welcome!” many a happy bride :
 But, ah ! for Leonor
 No kiss remains in store !

From rank to rank, now see her rove,
 O'er all the swarming field ;
 And ask for tidings of her love,
 But none could tidings yield.
 And when the bootless task was o'er,
 Her beauteous raven-locks she tore ;
 And low on earth she lay,
 And rav'd in wild dismay.

With eager speed the mother flies :
 “God shield us all from harms !
 What ails my darling child ?” she cries,
 And snatch'd her to her arms.
 “Ah, mother, see a wretch undone !
 What hope for me beneath the sun !
 Sure Heav'n no pity knows !
 Ah, me ! what cureless woes !”

“ Celestial pow’rs, look gracious on !
 Haste, daughter, haste to pray’r.
What Heav’n ordains is wisely done,
 And kind its parent care.”
“ Ah, mother, mother, idle tales !
 Sure Heav’n to me no kindness deals.
 O, unavailing vows !
 What more have I to lose ?”

“ O, trust in God !—Who feels aright,
 Must own his fost’ring care ;
And holy sacramental rite
 Shall calm thy wild despair.”
“ Alas ! the pangs my soul invade,
 What pow’r of holy rite can aid ?
 What sacrament retrieve
 The dead, and bid them live ?”

“ Perchance, dear child, he loves no more ;
 And, wand’ring far and wide,
Has chang’d his faith on foreign shore,
 And weds a foreign bride.
And let him rove and prove untrue !
 Ere long his gainless crimes he’ll rue :
 When soul and body part,
 What pangs shall wring his heart ?”

“ Ah, mother, mother, gone is gone !
 The past shall ne’er return !
Sure death were now a welcome boon :
 O had I ne’er been born !

No more I'll bear the hateful light;
Sink, sink, my soul, in endless night!

Sure Heav'n no pity knows:
Ah, me! what endless woes!"

"Help, Heav'n, nor look with eye severe,
On this deluded maid;

My erring child in pity spare,
She knows not what she said:
Ah, child! all earthly cares resign,
And think of God and joys divine.
A spouse celestial, see:—
In heav'n he waits for thee."

"O, mother, what are joys divine?
What hell, dear mother, say?
'Twere heav'n, were dearest William mine;

'Tis hell, now he's away.
No more I'll bear the hateful light:
Sink, sink, my soul, in endless night!
All bliss with William flies;
Nor earth, nor heav'n I prize!"

Thus rav'd the maid, and mad despair
Shook all her tender frame;
She wail'd at providential care,
And tax'd the heav'ns with blame.
She wrung her hands, and beat her breast,
Till parting daylight streak'd the West;
Till brightest starlight shone
Around night's darksome throne.

Now hark ! a courser's clatt'ring tread
Alarms the lone retreat—
And straight a horseman slacks his speed,
And lights before the gate :
Soft rings the bell—the startled maid,
Now lists, and lifts her languid head ;
When, lo ! distinct and clear,
These accents reach her ear :—

“ What, ho ! what, ho ! ope wide the door!
Speak, love ;—dost wake or sleep ?
Think'st on me still ?—or think'st no more ?
Dost laugh, dear maid, or weep ?”
“ Ah ! William's voice ! so late art here ?
I've wept and watch'd with sleepless care,
And wail'd in bitter woe !
Whence com'st thou mounted so ?”

“ We start at midnight's solemn gloom ;
I come, sweet maid, from far—
In haste and late I left my home ;
And now I'll take thee there.”
“ O, bide one moment first, my love,
Chill blows the wind athwart the grove ;
And here, secure from harm,
These arms my love shall warm ! ”

“ Let blow the wind and chill the grove ;
Nor wind, nor cold I fear—
Wild stamps my steed ; come, haste, my love :—
I dare not linger here.

Haste, tuck thy coats, make no delay;
 Mount quick behind, for e'en to-day,
 Must ten-score leagues be sped
 To reach our bridal bed!"

"What! ten-score leagues! can't speed so far,
 Ere morn the day restore?
 Hark! hark! the village clock I hear—
 How late it tells the hour!"
 "See there, the moon is bright and high;
 Swift ride the dead!—we'll bound, we'll fly!
 I'll wager, love, we'll come,
 Ere morn, to bridal home."

"Say, where is deck'd the bridal hall?
 How laid the bridal bed?"
 "Far, far from hence, still, cool and small;
 Six planks my wants bestead."
 "Hast room for me?"—"For me and thee!
 Come, mount behind, and haste and see:
 E'en now the bride-mates wait,
 And open stands the gate."

With graceful ease the maiden sprung
 Upon the coal-black steed,
 And round the youth her arms she flung,
 And held with fearful heed.
 And now they start and speed amain,
 Tear up the ground, and fire the plain;
 And o'er the boundless waste,
 Urge on with breathless haste.

Now on the right, now on the left,
 As o'er the waste they bound,
 How flies the heath ! the lake ! the clift !
 How shakes the hollow ground !
 “Art frightened, love ? the moon rides high :
 What, ho ! the dead can nimbly fly !
 Dost fear the dead, dear maid ?”
 “Ah ! no—why heed the dead !”

Now knell and dirges strike the ear,
 Now flaps the raven's wing,
 And now a sable train appear ;—
 Hark ! “Dust to dust,” they sing.
 In solemn march, the sable train
 With bier and coffin cross the plain:
 Harsh float their accents round ;
 Like night's sad bird the sound.

“At midnight's hour, the corpse be laid
 In soft and silent rest !
 Now home I take my plighted maid,
 To grace the wedding feast !
 And, sexton, come with all thy train,
 And tune for me the bridal strain:
 Come, priest, the pray'r bestow,
 Ere we to bride-bed go !”

The dirges cease—the coffin flies,
 And mocks the cheated view ;
 Now rattling dins around him rise,
 And hard behind pursue.

And on he darts with quicken'd speed ;
 How pants the man !—How pants the steed !
 O'er hill, o'er dale they bound :
 How sparks the flinty ground !

On right, on left, how swift the flight
 Of mountains, woods, and downs !
 How fly on left, how fly on right,
 The hamlets, spires and towns !
 “Art frighted, love?—the moon rides high:
 What, ho ! the dead can nimblly fly !
 Dost fear the dead, dear maid ?”
 “Ah ! leave—ah ! leave the dead !”

Lo, where the gibbet scars the sight,
 See, round the gory wheel,
 A shadowy mob, by moon's pale light,
 Disport with lightsome heel.
 “Ho ! hither, rabble ! hither come ;
 And haste with me to bridal home !
 There dance in grisly row,
 When we to bride-bed go !”

He spoke, and o'er the cheerless waste,
 The rustling rabble move :
 So sounds the whirlwind's driving blast,
 Athwart the wither'd grove.
 And on he drives with fiercer speed ;
 How pants the man !—How pants the steed !
 O'er hill and dale they bound :
 How sparks the flinty ground !

And all the landscape, far and wide,
 That 'neath the moon appears ;
 How swift it flies, as on they glide !
 How fly the heav'ns, the stars !
 “Art, frightened, love ?—the moon rides high :
 What, ho ! the dead can nimbly fly !
 Dost fear the dead, dear maid ?”
 “O heavens !—Ah ! leave the dead !”

“The early cock, methinks, I hear :
 My fated hour is come !
 Methinks I scent the morning air :
 Come, steed, come haste thee home !
 Now ends our toil, now cease our cares ;—
 And, see, the bridal house appears:
 How nimbly glide the dead !
 See, here, our course is sped !”

Two folding grates the road belay,
 And check his eager speed ;
 He knocks, the pond'rous bars give way,
 The loosen'd bolts recede.
 The grates unfold with jarring sound ;
 See, new-made graves bestrew the ground,
 And tomb-stones faintly gleam,
 By moon-light's pallid beam.

And now, O frightful prodigy !
 (As swift as lightning's glare)
 The rider's vestments piecemeal fly,
 And melt to empty air !

His poll a ghastly death's head shews,
A skeleton his body grows ;
 His hideous length unfolds,
 And scythe and glass he holds !

High rear'd the steed, and sparks of fire
 From forth his nostrils flew ;
He paw'd the ground in frantic ire,
 And vanish'd from the view.
Sad howlings fill the regions round ;
With groans the hollow caves resound ;
 And Death's cold damps invade
 The shudd'ring, hapless maid !

And lo ! by moon-light's glimm'ring ray,
 In circling measures hie
The nimble sprites, and as they stray,
 In hollow accents cry :
“ Though breaks the heart, be mortals still ;
Nor rail at Heav'n's resistless will:
 And thou, in dying pray'r,
 Call Heav'n thy soul to spare ! ”

BURMANN.

CRADLE-SONG.

O gentle be thy slumbers,
 Sérene thy life's career !
And, softer blow, ye Zephyrs,
 Nor wake my sleeping care !
And, ev'ry guardian power,
 Propitious look below ;
And, with a Parent's fondness,
 Your fost'ring smiles bestow !

May roses, ever blooming,
 Thy devious path bestrew ;
Nor Passion's lawless fury,
 Thy tender heart subdue.
May Virtue e'er attend thee,
 And lasting joys provide ;
Youth's early dawn still gracing ;
 Still Manhood's nobler pride !

O thou that gav'st the blessing,
 Let Virtue's calm delight,
Betimes his heart encircle,
 Betimes his steps invite.
But should these hopes so tender,
 All fruitless prove and vain ;
At once, O snatch him from me ;—
 And Death shall end my pain !

CLAUDIUS.

MATTHEW CLAUDIUS, known also by the name of Asmus, the Wandsbeck Messenger, was born in the year 1743, at Rienfeld, near Lubeck. He resided for some time without employment at Wandsbeck, in the vicinity of Hamburg; but in 1776, he obtained a public situation at Darmstadt. This office, he however resigned the following year, and returned to his favorite retreat at Wandsbeck. Here he was still resident a few years ago, in the capacity of reviser to the Holstein-Schleswig bank of Altona. His principal production bears this whimsical title : “*Asmus, omnia sua secum portans*, or, *The Works of the Wandsbeck Messenger.*” It is an olio of compositions in poetry and prose; containing romances, elegies, fables, epigrams, and sacred songs, interspersed with essays, chiefly on moral subjects. These compositions have an air of popular philosophy, and convey in a style, which is easy, natural, and often very humorous, lessons of justice, charity, patriotism, and religion; satirising at the same time, with equal justice and severity, the follies and vices of mankind.

The lyrical effusions of Claudius deserve particular mention; for they, more than any other part of his writings, have contributed to raise his well-earned reputation. Many of them are commonly sung

and recited in every German village. They inculcate much practical morality, expressed in agreeable language, intelligible even to the uncultivated mind of a German peasant: yet, notwithstanding that by far the greatest part of Claudius's writings are distinguished by elevation of sentiment, and soundness of reasoning, and abound in wit and humour, they will not, critically considered, bear a very nice scrutiny. His thoughts are generally just, and his invention happy; but his plan has seldom depth, and his execution is frequently defective. He is singular rather than original; sometimes extravagant where he would be thought humorous, and affected where he means to be witty. But his chief defect, and that for which he has been the most severely censured, is an abbreviated form of expression, consisting in the elision of short words and syllables, which he indulged in to gain popularity; with this glaring defect, notwithstanding the entertaining and instructive nature of his writings, they cannot be recommended as models of style.

SONG.

With verdant wreaths the flowing bowlng intwine,
And gayly quaff it dry:
How blest the land that boasts such generous wine!
What draughts with these shall vie!

Nor need our steps to distant Hung'ry tend,
Nor yet to Gallia roam :
Let him who likes, so far for liquor send !—
We find it nearer home.

Our German hills the bounteous juice supply,
And hence its worth so rare !
Dear native land, beneath thy temp'rate sky,
What varied gifts we share !

Nor yet through all Germania dōes it grow,
Where many a barren hill,
And many a rock uplifts its rugged brow,
Not worth the place they fill.

A plant there grows, Thuringia's heights among,
That like the vine appears ;—
Its meager juice inspires no jovial song,
Nor soothes the toper's cares.

Saxonia's hills in gay confusion lie,
Yet no rich vines unfold :
Their boasted rocks may silver ore supply,
And e'en some paltry gold.

Nor where the Bloxberg rears its blust'ring head,
Shall Bacchus' train appear ;
Thence rise the winds, and thence the tempests spread;
But not a grape is there.

On Rhine's fair banks the envied clusters grow;
Then sacred be the Rhine;
And blest those banks whose sunny heights bestow
The life-preserving wine!

Then drink amain, cast all our cares away;
Let mirth the moments cheer;
And knew we where a son of sorrow lay,
We'd bid him welcome here.

S O N G.

SCARCE sixteen Summers had I seen,
And rov'd my native bowers;
Nor stray'd my thoughts beyond the green,
Bedeck'd with shrubs and flowers:—

When late a stranger youth appear'd,
I neither wish'd nor sought him;
He came, but whence I never heard,
And spoke what love had taught him.

His hair in graceful ringlets played,
All eyes are charm'd that view them;
And o'er his comely shoulders stray'd,
As wanton zephyrs blew them.

His speaking eye of azure hue
Seem'd ever softly suing ;—
And such an eye, so clear and blue,
Ne'er shone for maid's undoing.

His face was fair, his cheek was red,
With blushes ever burning ;
And all he spoke was deftly said,
Though far beyond my learning.

Where'er I stray'd, the youth was nigh,
His looks soft sorrows speaking ;
“Sweet maid !” he'd say, then gaze and sigh,
As if his heart were breaking.

And once, as low his head he hung,
I fain would ask the meaning ;
When round my neck his arms he flung,
Soft tears his griefs explaining.

Such freedom ne'er was ta'en till now ;
And now t'was unoffending ;
Shame spread my cheek with ruddy glow,
My eyes kept downwards bending.

Nor aught I spoke ;—my looks he read,
As if with anger burning :
No, not one word :—Away he sped—
Ah, would he were returning !

G L E I M.

THE events in the calm uninterrupted life of Gleim were so few in number, that they have left little for the biographer to record, beyond the date which commenced, and that which terminated so happy an existence. Johann Wilhelm Ludwig Gleim, was born at Ermsland, in the year 1719, and died at Walbeck, in 1803. He was educated at the University of Halle, where he was a member of a society similar in its formation and object, to that established at the University of Leipzig, which last enrolled among its fellows, the great names of Klopstock, Rabner, Cramer and others. To such zealous and able co-operation of men of extraordinary powers, directed solely to the illustration and improvement of their natural literature, especially poetry, we may ascribe the rise of that splendid constellation of talent which has shone in this, the golden age of letters in Germany. Gleim, after accepting and relinquishing several situations of little importance, received at length the appointment of Dean, at Walbeck. This office he filled with the greatest credit for the long space of sixty years, paying constant court to the Muses, and maintaining a regular and friendly correspondence with the principal writers in Germany.

As a poet, he has been styled, and indeed with justice, the German Anacreon. His compositions are chiefly lyrical, consisting of romances, fables, and ballads,—the war-songs of the Prussian Grenadier. To the life, the spirit, the energy which animate these, he will be indebted for whatever fame may be his portion, beyond the reputation of the present day.

THE INVITATION.

A LONELY cot is all I own:
It stands on yonder verdant down;
And near the brook—the brook is small,
Yet clear its bubbling fountains fall.

A spreading beech uprears its head,
And half conceals the humble shed:
From chilling winds a safe retreat;
A refuge from the noon-tide heat:

And on its boughs the nightingale
So sweetly tells her plaintive tale;
That oft the passing rustics stray,
With loit'ring steps to catch the lay.

Sweet blue-ey'd maid, with locks so fair,
My heart's dear pride—my fondest care!
I hie me home—the storm doth low'r:
Come share, sweet Maid, my shelt'ring tow'r!

G O T T E R.

S O N G.

Ah, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away ;
Envied joys we prove
'Neath its gentle sway.
Swift the moments haste ;
Pleasure wings their way :—
Years so sweetly pass'd,
Seem but one short day.
Ah, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away !

Ah, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away !
Light our labours prove,
While it gilds the day.
Duty grows a charm ;
Smooth, life's rugged way,
Love's kind beams can warm
Winter's chilliest day.
Ah, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away !

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

WAS born the 28th of August, 1749, at Frankfort on the Maine, of respectable and wealthy parents. Their son's improvement was the primary object of their care, and to the attainment of that object their means were fully adequate. In the public school of his native town, young Goethe evinced such extraordinary proofs of genius, that he not only attracted the notice of his superiors, but became at once the model and oracle of his school-fellows. He applied to the study of the law for three years at Leipzig, and took the degree of LL. D. at Strasburg. Three years after this event he made a tour in Switzerland, in company with the two Counts Stolberg, the poets, and the well-known Prussian minister, Count Haugwitz. In the course of this tour, he met with the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, Charles Augustus, who was so prepossessed in his favor, by his agreeable manners and shining talents, that he invited him to Weimar. The invitation was readily accepted, and in that town Goethe fixed his residence, having dwelt there ever since, with the exception of the time employed in making, with the Grand Duke, a second journey into Switzerland, and the interval of his travels in Italy and Sicily. Loaded with

honors and dignities by his prince, admired, nay, almost adored by his countrymen, and possessing a competence which renders exertion a matter of choice and not of necessity, Goethe devotes nearly the whole of his time to literary labours, and repays, by the production of his works, the attentions which he receives from all classes of society.

It would not be consistent with the plan of this Work, to enter into a general enquiry of Goethe's merits and demerits as a Prose Writer and a Poet; but we may be allowed to observe, that he belongs indisputably to that class of writers, of whom Germany has reason to be proud. He is the creator of several new forms of versification, which have grown nearly to perfection under his skilful hand, whilst the boldness and originality of his conceptions have elevated him to the very highest rank among the German Poets. His Faust, his Gotz von Berlichingen, and his Werther, produced a more complete revolution in the literary world, than the compositions of any other writer of his time. The chief excellencies of his poetry are invention and originality; these, added to great elegance of diction, and a style both animated and natural, render him interesting when writing even on the most indifferent subjects. Equal praise is due to his prose works, of which the perspicuity, purity, and polish, entitle them to be called classical in the strictest sense of the epithet.

MOONLIGHT.

SCATTER'D o'er the starry pole,
Glimmers Cynthia's beam;
Whisp'ring to the soften'd soul,
Fancy's varied dream.

O'er the landscape, far and nigh,
Gleams the glowing night;
Soft as Friendship's melting eye,
Bends its soothing light.

Touch'd in turn, by joy and pain,
Quick responds my heart;
Floats, as Mem'ry paints the scene,
Twixt delight and smart.

Riv'let, speed thy flowing maze;
So my years have flown!
Past delights thy lapse displays:
Joys for ever gone !

Dear the transports once I knew;
Dear and lov'd in vain!—
Mem'ry's ling'ring, fond review,
Turns the past to pain.

Riv'let, urge thy ceaseless flow,
Gurgling speed thee on;
Whisp'ring strains of plaintive woe;
Mournful unison!—

Whether, at the midnight scene,
 Swells thy troubled source :
Or, along the flow'ry green,
 Glides with gentler course.

Blest the man, who, timely wise,
 Seeks Retirement's shade :
Blest, whose lot a friend supplies,
 Partner of the glade ;—

Calmer pleasures there invite ;
 Joys, nor vain, nor loud ;
Joys, that erring mortals slight ;
 Joys, that shun the crowd !

THE KING OF THULE.

THERE liv'd a King in Thule,
He lov'd with all his soul ;
And she, he lov'd so truly,
Left him a golden bowl.—

He priz'd it past all measure,
He drain'd it at each meal ;
His eyes wept o'er his treasure,
Whene'er he drank his fill.

He thought his last of breathing,
Told all his cities through;
All to his heir bequeathing,
But not the bowl, I trow.

In his castle, near the ocean,
He sat, his knights withal,
Their beards were all in motion,
At the banquet, in the hall.

There sat this dry old fellow,
Quaff'd Life's last warmth with glee;
And the sacred bowl, when mellow,
He cast into the sea.

He saw it sinking, shining,
Where waves around it roar—
His eyes thereo'er declining,
Drop never drank he more.



THE FISHER.

IN gurgling eddies roll'd the tide,
The wily angler sat;
Its verdant, willow'd bank beside,
And spread the treach'rous bait.
Reclin'd he sat in careless mood,
The floating quill he eyed;—
When, rising from the op'ning flood,
A humid maid he spied.

She sweetly sung, she sweetly said,
As gaz'd the wond'ring swain;
“Why thus with murd'rous arts invade
“My placid, harmless reign?
“Ah, didst thou know, how blest, how free,
“The finny myriads stray,
“Thou'dst long to dive the limpid sea,
“And live as blest as they.

“The sun, the lovely queen of night,
 “Beneath the deep repair ;
 “And thence, in streamy lustre bright,
 “Return more fresh and fair.
 “Tempts thee not yon æthereal space,
 “Beting’d with liquid blue ?—
 “Nor tempts thee there thy pictur’d face,
 “To bathe in worlds of dew ?”

The tide in gurgling eddies rose,
 It reach’d his trembling feet :
 His heart with fond impatience glows,
 The promis’d joys to meet.
 So sung the soft, the winning fair ;
 Alas ! ill-fated swain !—
 Half-dragg’d, half-pleased, he sinks with her,
 And ne’er was seen again !

THE HARPER.

“WHAT melting strains salute my ear,
 Without the portal’s bound ?
 Page, call the bard ;—the song we’ll hear,
 Beneath this roof resound.”
 So spake the king ; the stripling hies ;
 He quick returns ;—the monarch cries,
 “Old man, be welcome here !”

“ Hail, mighty chiefs of high renown ;
Hail, beauteous, matchless dames,
Whose smiles the genial banquet crown,
Whose glance each breast inflames !
Ah, scene too bright ! with downcast eyes,
In haste I check my fond surprize,
My rash presumption own !”

With downcast looks, the song he rear'd ;
The full-ton'd harp replied :
The knights grew fierce, their eye-balls glared ;
Each tender fair one sigh'd.
The king applauds the thrilling strain,
And straight decrees a golden chain,
To deck the tuneful bard.

“ Be far from me the golden chain ;
Ill suits the proffer'd mead.
To some bold knight, 'mid yonder train,
Be then the gift decreed.
Or, let the upright chancellor,
The load, with other burdens, bear :
To me such gift were vain !”

“ As chants the bird on yonder bough,
So flows my artless lay ;
And well the artless strains that flow,
The tuneful task repay.
Yet, dare I ask, this boon be mine ;
A goblet fill with choicest wine,—
On me the draught bestow.”

He lifts the cup and quaffs the wine :
 " O nectar'd juice," he cries,
 " O blest abode, where draughts divine,
 Unvalued gifts ye prize !
 Ah, thank your stars, with heart as true,
 'Mid all your joys, as I thank you,
 For this rich cup of wine !"

S O N G.

UNNOTIC'D, in the lonely mead,
 A violet rear'd its modest head ;
 A sweet and lovely flower !
 A blooming maid came gadding by,
 With vacant heart and gladsome eye,
 And tripp'd with sportive, careless tread.

" Ah !" thought the violet, " had I now
 " The rose's matchless form and glow ;
 " Tho' transient were the power ;
 " To be but pluckt by that sweet maid,
 " And on her virgin bosom laid ;
 " Blest fate ! what more could heav'n bestow ? "

Along the lovely maiden past,
 Nor on the ground a look she cast,
 But trod the hapless flower :
 It sunk, it died, and yet was gay :
 " Ah, let me die," 'twas heard to say,
 " If 'neath her feet, I breathe my last ! "

SONG.

Know'st thou the land, where citrons scent the gale,
Where glows the orange in the golden vale;
Where softer breezes fan the azure skies,
Where myrtles spring, and prouder laurels rise?
Know'st thou the land? 'tis there our footsteps tend:
And there, my faithful love, our course shall end.

Know'st thou the pile, the colonade sustains,
Its splendid chambers and its rich domains,
Where breathing statues stand in bright array,
And seem, "what ails thee, hapless maid," to say?
Know'st thou the land? 'tis there our footsteps tend;
And there, my gentle guide, our course shall end.

Know'st thou the mount, where clouds obscure the day;
Where scarce the mule can trace his misty way;
Where lurks the dragon and her scaly brood;
And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood?
Know'st thou the land? 'tis there our course shall end!
There lies our way—ah, thither let us tend!

LUDWIG HEINREICH CRISTOPH. HÖLTY.

This distinguished Poet was the son of a Clergyman, of Mariensee, in the kingdom of Hanover, where he was born on the 21st of December, 1748, and died in 1776. In his love of solitude, and attachment to the wilder scenes of Nature, he resembled Bürger, but in temper he was widely different; for, from earliest infancy he was characterized by more than ordinary vivacity of disposition; and so eager was his ardour for study, that he scarcely allowed himself leisure for his meals, and snatched many an hour from the time destined for repose. In his intercourse with society, he was always cheerful, gentle, kind, and benevolent. Whilst resident at the University of Gottingen, he became a member of that celebrated Literary Society, to which we have before alluded, and lived on terms of friendly intimacy with Bürger, Voss, Stolberg, &c. That intimacy gave a direction to Höltys studies, which was not perhaps accordant with the object for which his father sent him to the University; yet, whilst he pleased himself with acquiring a familiar acquaintance with the lore of the principal Greek, Latin, English, Italian, and German Poets, both ancient and modern, he did

not neglect those more serious studies that were to qualify him for the pulpit. Neither did he confine his reading to poetry alone; but, with indefatigable patience and zeal, toiled through the best standard works in the most useful branches of knowledge. So universal was his information, that the learned mathematician Kostner was accustomed to say: "Hölty knew by far too much for a poet." His unbounded curiosity was even extended to the publications of the day, and in making himself master of their contents, he devoured whole folios and quartos with successive and extraordinary rapidity. Such overstrained application could not fail to undermine his constitution, and accordingly Hölty died a martyr to excessive study in the 28th year of his age.

The poetical fame of Hölty, in every species of composition which he adopted, is highly extolled by the best and most competent judges; every fresh attempt brought him nearer to perfection, but he considered even his most finished productions, only as boyish effusions, preparatory to maturer efforts. He chiefly excelled in delineations of rural beauty, and was pre-eminent in treating of melancholy subjects. His lyric songs, however, have procured him his chief celebrity; they are so universally recited in Germany, that, in popularity, they may be said to rival those of Bürger.

S O N G.

STREW the way with fairest flow'rs,
Ev'ry ill forgetting;
Swiftly fly the envious hours,
Quick our sun is setting.
Daphnis now in frolic dance,
Sports with care unclouded;
Yet, ere Morning's beams advance,
See the stripling shrowded!

See in Hymen's joyous band,
Blushing Phoebe plighting;
See, ere Ev'ning's dews expand,
Death her eyes benighting.
Give then grief and moping care
To the breeze that passes:
'Neath this beechen grove so fair,
Drain the jingling glasses.

Let not Philomel's soft strain
Trill neglected numbers,
Nor the hum of bees in vain,
Lull to soothing slumbers.
Snatch as long as Fortune smiles,
Love and drinking pleasures:
Ruthless death no art beguiles—
Soón he steals our treasures.

O'er the dark and silent grave,
 Where his prey reposes,
 Vain their wings the zephyrs wave,
 Scatt'ring breath of roses ;
 Vain the glasses tinkling sound
 Death's dull ear invading ;
 Vain the frolic dance around,
 Deftest measures treading.

INVITATION TO JOY.

SAY, who would mope in joyless plight,
 While Youth and Spring bedeck the scene ;
 And scorn the proffer'd gay delight,
 With thankless heart and frowning mien ?
 See, Joy with becks and smiles appear,
 While roses strew the devious way ;
 The feast of life he bids us share,
 Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.

And still the grove is cool and green,
 And clear the bubbling fountain flows ;
 Still shines the Night's resplendent queen,
 As erst in Paradise she rose :
 The grapes their purple nectar pour,
 To 'suage the heart that grieves oppress ;
 And still the lonely ev'nning-bow'r,
 Invites and screens the stolen kiss !

Still Philomela's melting strain,
 Responsive to the dying gale,
 Beguiles the bosom's throbbing pain,
 And sweetly charms the list'ning vale !
 Creation's scene expanded lies—
 Blest scene ! how wond'rous bright and fair !
 Till Death's cold hand shall close my eyes,
 Let me these lavish'd bounties share !

FORTITUDE.

LET Truth and spotless Faith be thine,
 Till Life's vain pageants close ;
 And still at Virtue's sacred shrine,
 Be breath'd thy ardent vows.

Our pilgrim path with flow'rs shall bloom,
 And sun-shine glad the day ;
 While undismay'd we eye the tomb,
 And smile at Life's decay.

Content, serene, thy steps shall guide ;
 Fair maid of mien divine !
 And sweet shall taste the crystal tide,
 As cup of rosy wine.

The slave to guilt still quakes with fear,
 Tho' Syren charms invite ;—
 No joy, his languid day shall cheer,
 No soft repose his night.

In vain shall Spring revive the plain,
And glad the vocal grove;
The breast, where baser passions reign,
No vernal raptures move.

He shudders at the whisp'ring breeze,
Appall'd with guilt and fear!
In vain the dream of life shall cease—
His terrors end not there!

O then, let Truth and Faith be thine,
Till Life's vain prospects fade;
And still at Virtue's sacred shrine
Thy ardent vows be paid.

So shall the friends, we leave below,
Bedew with tears our tomb;
And round, the freshest sod shall grow,
And choicest flow'rs shall bloom!

JOHANN GEORG JACOBI,

OF Dusseldorf on the Rhine, was born in 1740. His life has been a life of study, neither harrassed by business, nor chequered by adversity. He resided successively at the Universities of Gottingen, Helmstadt, and Halle. At the latter University he formed an acquaintance with Gleim, and that acquaintance preserved him still a votary of the Muses, whose service, but for Gleim's persuasion, he would have renounced for ever. At this period he had acquired so much renown by his writings, that the Emperor Joseph II. was induced to offer him a professorship of rhetoric and the belles lettres, at the University of Freiburg, which offer he accepted, and he has ever since pursued his tranquil occupation, respected by his colleagues, beloved by his friends, and honored and esteemed by all Germany, as an author and a poet.

Jacobi is one of the few German writers who have formed their taste on French models. He has imitated in his verses, the easy playful style of the poets of that nation; and has, in particular, avowed his admiration of Chapelle, Chaulieu, and Gresset. Their works were the sources from whence he derived the soft and tender tone of his compositions, and the

easy flow and charming euphony of his numbers. In his descriptions of the innocent and cheerful pleasures of life, he has closely followed Gleim; and, indeed, he owes a great portion of his art to that Poet's society and instruction. His maturer efforts display a more manly character, and not unfrequently unite with his natural simplicity and grace, much richness of imagination and profundity of thought. His dramatic pieces bear the lowest, and his lyrical effusions the highest rank among his compositions.

S O N G.

TELL me where's the violet fled,
Late so gayly blowing;
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
Choicest sweets bestowing.

Swain, the vernal scene is o'er,
And the violet blooms no more !

Say, where hides the blushing rose,
Pride of fragrant morning;
Garland meet for Beauty's brows ;
Hill and dale adorning.

Gentle Maid, the Summer's fled,
And the hapless rose is dead !

Bear me then to yonder rill,
Late so freely flowing,
Wat'ring many a daffodil
On its margin glowing :

Sun and wind exhaust its store ;
Yonder rivulet glides no more !

Lead me to the bow'ry shade,
Late with roses flaunting ;
Lov'd resort of youth and maid,
Amorous ditties chaunting :

Hail and storm with fury show'r ;
Leafless mourns the rifled bow'r !

Say, where bides the village maid,
Late yon cot adorning ;
Oft I've met her in the glade,
Fair and fresh as morning :

Swain, how short is Beauty's bloom !
Seek her in her grassy tomb.

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
Who, of rural pleasures ;
Rose and violet, rill and plain,
Sung in deftest measures ?

Maiden, swift Life's vision flies,
Death has clos'd the Poet's eyes !

KLEIST.

EWALD CHRISTIAN VON KLEIST, born 1715, in Pomerania, of noble parents, was one of the few classical writers, who broke the fetters of Gottsched's school, and introduced a better taste into German poetry. He studied at Konisberg, in Prussia, and, on leaving that University, entered the Danish, and subsequently the Prussian military service, the last of which he joined in obedience to the summons of Frederick the Great. His bravery and exemplary conduct, in many trying situations during the seven year's war, advanced him from command to command, till he attained the rank of Major. On the 12th of August, 1759, was fought the sanguinary battle of Kunersdorf, between the Russians and Prussians, and, in that battle, Kleist fell, after having received several severe wounds. Among those Poets who have improved the language, and refined the taste of their countrymen, Kleist stands pre-eminent. The principal characteristics of his style are harmony and conciseness of expression, fertility and novelty of ideas, and a strict regard to the interests of morality. He was peculiarly happy in describing the beauties of Nature, and the delights of rural retirement; and his poem "*der Frühling*," is generally considered one of the best descriptive poems which the German language possesses.

DITHYRAMBICS.

HASTE, the joys of life to share ;
 Seize the moments as they fly :—
 Soon shall close the scene so fair :—
 Soon we droop, and fade, and die !

Laugh at Physic's pert pretence ;
 Shun the water-drinking train :—
 Wine that soothes the Soul's offence,
 Soothes alike the Body's pain !

Wine, the balm kind Nature pours,
 Rosy health and bloom supplies :
 Crown the bowl with fairest flow'rs ;
 Drink—delight at bottom lies !

Now his rites let Bacchus claim,
 Let his fragrant altars burn :—
 Soon shall Love his breast inflame ;
 Love shall triumph in his turn !



FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.

KLOPSTOCK, one of the greatest Poets that Germany has produced, was born at Quedlinburg, in the year 1724; from 1739 to 1743, he was imbibing the rudiments of learning at the then highly celebrated academy, the Schulpforte; he afterwards studied theology at Jena and Leipzig, and was joined in literary union with Cramer, Ebert, Schmidt, Schlegel, and the other members of that distinguished Society. In 1748, he went in the capacity of private tutor to Langensalza in Thuringia; there he met with the far-famed Fanny, the beautiful and accomplished sister of his friend Schmidt. He was unfortunate in his love, and the disappointment preying upon his spirits, gave birth to a morbid feeling, aggravated perhaps by incessant study and long continued meditation on his great work, *The Messiah*, which settled into a deep melancholy; this distressing state of mind was only alleviated by change of scene, and at length removed after several years occupied in travel. The first cantos of his *Messiah* made a great impression throughout all Germany, and created so extraordinary a sensation in Switzerland, that Bodmer and several other learned men invited our Poet to visit that

country. Klopstock accepted the invitation, and, in 1750, set out for Zurich, where he received a hearty welcome from his Swiss admirers, especially from Bodmer, in whose house he resided for nine months; an agreeable interval, spent in social converse with his friends, in the indulgence of his poetical propensity, and in musing on the sublime scenery by which he was surrounded.

When, on the eve of returning to Germany, he received an invitation from Frederick V. King of Denmark, to repair to Copenhagen, accompanied by the tempting offer of an handsome annuity. In that capital Klopstock passed some of the happiest years of his life, living in retirement, but honored with many marks of favor and esteem by his Royal Patron. This epoch of his history, too, was no less fortunate for the world, since it is the date of some of the noblest productions of his muse.

When his friend, the minister Bernstorff, received his dismissal, Klopstock went for a year to Karlsruhe, at the instance of Frederick, Elector of Baden, and returned from thence to Hamburg, where he spent the remnant of his days. He died the 14th of March, 1803. The towns of Hamburg and Altona united in furnishing a splendid funeral, such as has rarely graced a Poet's remains. The Ambassadors of England, France, Austria, Prussia, Denmark, and Holland; the Senate, the Clergy, and the whole body of Citizens assembled in solemn procession, and united in paying a last tribute to the genius and memory of Klopstock.

The great corner stone of the fame of Klopstock is his *Messiah*, the merits of which are well known in England, but from which it does not fall within our plan to make extracts; the following little song may serve as a specimen of the lighter effusions of this sublime Poet.

S O N G.

Thy image, dearest Maid,
My ravish'd eyes still see :
And many a tear they shed,
Alas ! that 'tis not thee !
When Ev'ning's shades prevail,
And Cynthia decks the sky,
I fondly sigh and wail !—
In vain, I wail and sigh !

By yonder myrtle bow'r,
Where blooms her destin'd wreath ;
By ev'ry beauteous flow'r,
That adds its fragrant breath ;
Dear Form, no more deceive ;
The guileful task forbear :
O change, and bid me live ;—
Ah, let herself be there !

AUGUST VON KOTZEBUE.

THE life of no other German author offers so many interesting materials as that of Kotzebue. His voluminous works, his political and literary controversies with public men and writers, his travels, his intimacy with so many illustrious and distinguished personages, and lastly, his singular banishment, are themes abundantly sufficient to stimulate curiosity and awaken interest. As, however, there are two or three memoirs* of Kotzebue already before the public, and as the principal incidents of his life are pretty generally known, it will be needless to enter much into detail in the present short narrative.

Kotzebue was born in 1761, at Weimar, and was the only son of the Counsellor of legation at Saxe Weimar. His parents and teachers, and all with whom he associated, were struck with early indications of that liveliness of imagination and strong predilection for plays and theatrical amusements, which decided his taste, and determined the principal occupation of his after life. At the Gymnasium he was fortunate enough to be for a considerable time the pupil of the ingenious Musaus. In his sixteenth year he

* See particularly the one translated from the German, recently published by Messrs. Boosey and Sons.

went to the University of Jena, whence he was called to St. Petersburg by Count Görz, the Prussian Ambassador at the Imperial Court. From this time he dwelt principally in Russia and Prussia, but his changes of residence and occupation were so frequent, that it would be endless to enumerate them. He became successively secretary (to General Bawr), titular counsellor, assessor at a tribunal of appeal, lieutenant-colonel, a private gentleman, residing at Friedenthal, poet to the court theatre at Vienna, an exile in Siberia, manager of the German theatre at St. Petersburg, &c. &c.

In the last great war betwixt Buonaparte and the Allied Sovereigns, he took the lead of the political writers against the former, exhorting the Germans, his countrymen, to die in the defence of that liberty which he afterwards had the baseness to assist in wresting from them.*

The writings of Kotzebue are so numerous, that no German author can be compared to him in point of fertility, excepting Hans Sacks. They are of very unequal merit; his satirical comedies are perhaps his best productions: as a lyric poet he did not rise high enough to claim any extraordinary praise.

* The manner of his death is a matter of notoriety.

MINSTREL-SONG,

IN THE TRAGEDY OF BAYARD.

To Gargliano's willow'd shore,
 Haste, Sister, haste away ;
There the Knight bade the tempest roar,
 The vengeful lightning play :
And bade the storm's terrific gloom,
Approach and menace haughty Rome.

See, on the bridge the Hero stand,
 While deaf'ning shouts resound ;
Alone oppose a warlike band,
 And scatter death around ;—
His single arm the pass sustain,
And pressing cohorts storm in vain.

And now the martial throng survey,
 Where rears yon bulwark's pride ;
There urg'd the Knight the direful fray,
 While Anhalt grac'd his side :
And see, fair Padua's tow'rs beneath,
Himself devote to willing death..

And now the far-fam'd day recal,
 When thirteen fought with two :
Their numbers vain, they fight, they fall ;
 Their arms the field bestrew :
Too late the vanquish'd learn to know,
That matchless Bayard dealt the blow.

Now see Tortona's sons appear,
And haste his ire t' assuage ;
Their golden treasures haste to bear—
The victor stills his rage :
And straight ordains the proffer'd store,
To soothe and glad the friendless peor.

DEDICATION,

TO THE MOST REMARKABLE YEAR IN THE
LIFE OF KOTZEBUE.

Nor brass, nor marble, bears your honor'd names ;
My glowing heart the fair inscription claims ;
Deep-grav'd it lies, to grateful Mem'ry true,
For ever legible, for ever new !
Your gen'rous succour pierc'd Siberia's gloom,
And snatch'd the exile from the darksome tomb ;
Restor'd the charm that soothes and sweetens life,
The smiling offspring and the gladden'd wife.
A theme like this, demands no lofty lay ;
Let simple truth the noble deed display !
And though whate'er I write may ill withstand,
The ruthless stroke of Time's destructive hand—
Still may the Muse, from cold oblivion steal,
The votive line that speaks how much I feel !

FRIEDRICH MATTHISON

Was born in 1761, at Hohendadeleben, near Magdeburg. He was educated at Klosterberge, and afterwards studied divinity at the University of Halle. We find him next a teacher in an institution at Dessau, but that situation he quitted to become private tutor to some young Livonians, with whom he remained some time at Heidelberg, and subsequently he accompanied them in their travels. In the year 1794, the title of Aulic Counsellor was conferred upon Matthison, by the Prince of Hesse Homberg; and, in 1801, he was made a Counsellor of Legation, by the Margrave of Baden. Since 1794, he has been retained by the Princess of Anhalt Dessau, in the capacity of lecturer and attendant on her travels: with that illustrious personage he visited, in 1795-6, Rome and Naples, and, in 1799—1801, the Tyrol and Switzerland. His ordinary place of abode is Wörlitz, near Dessau.

Matthison, by his extraordinary talent for lyric poetry, has attained such deserved celebrity, that he has long since been ranked among the most popular Poets of Germany. He is the German Gray. His strains possess a degree of grace and wildness, which is not often to be met with in the poetical compositions of his countrymen. His language is remark-

ably correct, and his fictions bear the impress of Truth and Nature. That elegance and polish which characterize his poems, are equally visible in his prose writings. His poetical works are published in one small volume, and those in prose, consisting principally of his "Erinnerungen," in 4 vols. 8vo. Matthison was the editor of the "Lyrische Anthologie," a selection of pieces by the German Poets from the earliest period. This work would have had a claim to be styled classical, if Matthison had not taken the unwarrantable liberty of altering, and even expunging, essential passages in almost every poem.

S O N G.

WHENE'ER, at Daylight's parting gleam,
A smiling form salutes my love,
And loiters near the murmur'ring stream,
And glides beneath the conscious grove—
Ah ! then thy Damon's spirit see :
Soft joy and peace it brings to thee !

And when at Moonlight's sober ray,
Thou dream'st, perchance, of love and me ;
As through the pines the breezes play,
And whisper dying melody—
While tender bodings prompt the sigh ;
Thy Damon's spirit hovers nigh.

When o'er thy mind soft musings steal,
 As thou the pleasing past hast scann'd;
 Should'st thou a gentle pressure feel,
 Like Zephyr's kiss, o'er lip and hand;—
 And should the glimm'ring taper fade;
 Then near thee roams thy Lover's shade.

And when, at Midnight's solemn tide,
 As soft the rolling planets shine;
 Like Æol's harp, thy couch beside,
 Thou hear'st the words "for ever thine!"
 Then slumber sweet, my Spirit's there,
 And peace and joy it brings my Fair!

M A Y - S O N G .

Joy, and Love, awake the Pean!
 Lead the dance, the chorus lead:
 May bedecks the conscious bower,
 Flora paints the verdant mead:
 Deep in yon sequester'd valley,
 Am'rous warblings glad the grove;
 There, as Ev'ning's shade advances,
 Meets the youth his plighted love.

Gay assembly, ball, and op'ra,
 Charm the city youth and maid;
 Shepherds court the vernal zephyrs;
 Shepherds haunt the bow'ry shade:

Crown the cup with new blown-roses,
 List as waves the whisp'ring pine ;
 Seek the Woodland's inmost shelter,
 Near the mossy fount recline.

Crop the flow'ret, cull the posey,
 Garlands wreath for Beauty's hair ;
 Dance where hawthorns scatter odours,
 Hail the twilight, pair and pair :
 Now the nectar'd kiss be rifled !
 Now attun'd the raptur'd lay !
 Gayly seize Life's fleeting treasures ;
 May and Youth soon haste away !

W A R N I N G.

HAVE ye not seen, in silent Sunamer's night,
 The Moon through groves of shadowy cypress peep,
 Whilst all around quiescent Nature sank
 In awful slumber, and scarce seem'd to breathe,
 And each heart melted in sweet melancholy ?
 Saw ye not, from Geneva's lake, the head
 Of Mont-Blanc glow in Ev'ning's golden beam ?
 Have you not seen, from rugged rocks, the Rhine,
 Like ever thund'ring tempests cast himself
 In highly tow'ring foamy billows down ?
 Saw ye not Ocean, by the storm provok'd,
 With untam'd fury, now toward high heav'n
 Hurl shatter'd fleets, now downwards to the dark

Deeps rush, and thund'ring heave himself again,
And highly surging dash against the shore,
Deform, with crags, the pale and batter'd corse?
—If ye have seen all this—then, I conjure you,
Ye Poetasters, by the Charites
And Muses, by old Homer's sacred spirit,
By Oberon's and Ydris' magic world,
And by those heights where Klopstock's Genius
First hover'd, by the music of the harps
Of Fingal's bards, by Petrarch's hallow'd fount,
And by the laurel shading Maro's grave ;
By that fam'd paradise of fairy-land
Where, though a hero, once Rinaldo fell ;
By Milton's "Holy Light," by the dim veil
Thrown over Dante's night-piece, by the death
Of Ugolino, Hamlet's agony,
"To be or not to be"—by the o'erflow
Of grief paternal at Narcissa's tomb,
By Gesner's pastoral landscape, and by all
That's holy to the Poet, I conjure you,
Profane not in your speech, nor in your song,
The most religious shrine of godly Nature
By empty foam of words, and idle rant,
By false and forced sensibility—
For, know, she doth disdain the rhyming tribe
Who bring her this Cain's sacrifice, and calls
Loud on the storm of Time, to scourge away
Th' unwholesome vapours, her abomination.

MÜCHLER.

KARL MÜCHLER was born in 1763, at Stargard, in Pomerania, and is at present resident in Berlin, where he holds the office of Counsellor of War. He has acquired celebrity chiefly by his lyric poems and epigrams—in that style he ranks among the most popular writers of the day. His songs are easy and pleasing, his diction pure, and his versification highly melodious. The second edition of his Poems was published at Berlin, in 1802.

THE ARSENT FAIR.

Now milder blows the Zephyr,
That waves the tender spray;—
Now Flora's lavish'd treasures,
Proclaim the welcome May :
See vernal joys alluring ;
Soft joys, I fain would own !
But, ah ! no Spring can charm me;—
My love, alas ! is flown !

In vain the lap of Nature
Is rob'd in freshest green ;—
In vain the rosebud opens,
And violets deck the scene.
Ne more I cull the flow'ret :
 Dear task ! 'twas once my own !
Ah ! then, it deck'd her bosom :—
 But now, alas ! she's flown !

In vain the leafy bower
Now spreads its cooling shade ;
In vain the Moon's soft lustre
Invites me o'er the mead.
Ah ! once the bow'r could charm me ;
 Its sweets I once could own !
There first I saw and lov'd her :
 But now, alas ! she's flown !

MÜLLER.

THE INVITATION.

Come, Laura, dearest maid,
Let rural joys delight thee;
Stern Winter's storms are laid,
And hill and vale invite thee,
In vernal pomp array'd.

Yon lucid Lake serene,
See fragrant hawthorns border;
See lambkins, o'er the green,
Disport in gay disorder,
And deck the smiling scene.

From yonder bow'ry shade,
Sad, love-lorn anguish pouring;
The turtle fills the glade,
His absent mate alluring,
That loiters down the mead.

Nor calls the dove in vain ;
Back flies the soften'd rover.
Dear maid, then, soothe my pain,
Regard thy plaintive lover :—
O come, dear maid, again !



VALERIUS WILHELM NEUBECK.

NEUBECK was born in 1763, at Armstadt, in Thuringia; he now practises as a physician at Sleina, in Lower Silesia. His didactic poem, "De Gesundbrunnen," gave him at once the reputation of a German classic, and at the same time enriched the literature of that country with a species of poetry, which till then had been but little cultivated. It is a poem of four cantos, of which the principal subject is the mineral waters. The plan is simple, and the execution beautiful; the whole displays much original invention, and indicates extraordinary talents, mellowed by the study of the purest models of antiquity.

THE PRAISE OF IRON.

FROM THE GESUNDBRUNNEN, A POEM, IN FOUR CANTOS.

Now strike, my lyre, thy strongest, fullest tones,
Now sing the praise of Iron—'mongst the bards,
So potent in Thuiskon's sacred land;
None sang the fruits of the Teutonic hills—
No festal lay was heard to Iron's praise
Beneath the sacred oaks, which stretch their roots

Down to the silent caves, where Nature bids
Her seeds to germ, and ripe in gentle growth—
Hail! noble present of our native heights!
Despis'd by many, who with foolish sense,
Gold's treach'rous splendor more revere, and covet
More than thee, Iron, and thy modest sheen!—
Ye, sons of Herrmann! undervalue not,
Scorn not this treasure of your native mountains.
Hear me!—I sing the worth of native wealth—
Say! whence doth War derive his glitt'ring arms?
'Tis Iron, harden'd in the temp'ring fire
To steel, and fashion'd on the anvil-head,
Then sharpen'd by the Artist's busy hand,
That arms the Hero—Iron guards his breast—
Hail! noble tribute of our native heights!
Accept the incense of my song—thou giv'st
Th' avenging sword into his hand to wage
The war of Justice, thou assistest him
To conquer for his country in the field.
Yet greater is thy praise in peace, and fairer
Thy blessing!—Verily, I love thee more,
My song more fervently salutes thee, when
The workman's hand hath on the anvil shap'd
Thee to the shining arms of peace, which ne'er
Inhuman warriors with the innocent blood
Shall stain of slumb'ring infants—evermore
The softest rural joys expand my heart,
And from my quiv'ring lips in holy hymns
Stream out, whene'er I see thee, shining, peep
From out the clooded furrow; when I hear
The sweeping scythe upon the flow'ry mead,

Or 'midst the sinking ears, the grateful sound
Of the shrill sickle, where the nutbrown maid
Weaves the blue corn flow'rs in the wisp of straw;
To bind the fairest sheaf—when in the time,
The merry vintage-time, I hear the knife
Rubb'd on the grating whetstone, to collect
The gifts of Autumn on the cluster'd hills—
Hail! useful ore! the choir of social Arts
Join with my numbers, in thy well-earn'd praise.
Ne'er had Praxiteles the marble form'd
With silver chissel into breathing life—
No palace from the mountain's rocky ribs
Corinthian built, had risen without thee
To the astonish'd clouds—without thy help,
Arachne's art would never knew to trace
The varied picture on the glossy silk—
Say, would the horse, if shod with purest gold,
More safely scour the ice, or climb the mountain-path?
Oh! how would the bold Pilot in the wastes
Of ocean find a way, when round about
The heav'ns are hung with dreary, stormy clouds,
Like curtains shutting out the friendly stars,
Which else through labyrinths of treach'rous sands,
And hurrying whirl-pools, by a golden clue
Would safely lead him, that he founder not?
Through the dread night art thou, respondent needle!
To him a faithful oracle, which reads
With magic tremblings, in what cloudy range
Of Heav'n the Dog-Star;—where Arcturus;—where
The sev'nfold Pleiads, and Orion shine.

N O S T I Z.

S O N G.

SEE, dear Maid, in silent languor,
Beauteous Nature droops her head ;
While the dews of eve descending,
Cool the dappled, fragrant mead.
Already, the soft trilling songsters,
That wak'd the gay Grove are asleep ;
Already, the Sun's parting splendor
Illumines the far distant deep.

So my day's faint taper glimmers,
Fades, and sinks, and dies away ;
Thus the song of rapture ceases ;
Thus my fondest hopes decay.
Ah ! since thou hast left me to sorrow,
I rove the wild desert alone ;
My cheek, that was whilom so ruddy,
Is wan as the gleam of the moon.

When a wreath I fain would twine thee,
From the bloomy rose-bush torn,
(Meet to deck thy flowing tresses,)
Deep I felt the pungent thorn.
Sure this my Life's image resembles ;—
Ah ! such should my destiny be !
The thorn's sharpest puncture I'd suffer,
Would fate doom the roses for thee.

CHRISTIAN ADOLP OVERBECK.

THE productions of Overbeck are few in number, and consist chiefly of Lyric Poems. The little he has written, has found its way into most of the selections from the German Poets and Prose Writers; that is, perhaps, the best testimony of its merit. Few particulars are known of his life: all that we have it in our power to state is, that he was born in 1755, at Lubeck; that he is still resident in that town, and has attained the rank of a Senator.

S O N G.

Blossom, loveliest flower,
Planted by this hand;
Sweetest odours shower,
Brightest tints expand.
Envied joys attend thee,
To my love I'll send thee,
On her breast to lie:
Happy destiny!

Peggy, little charmer,
Is my best-lov'd maid;
Should ill fortune harm her,
Sure I'd weep me dead.

Other maids excelling,
 She alone has dwelling
 In my inmost breast ;
 There she reigns confest.

Sure a girl so pretty
 Nowhere can be found :
 And though blooming Kitty
 Charms the village round,
 Yet, I must avow it,
 Careless who may know it,
 Might I Kitty wed,
 “No,” should soon be said.

Yes, the little smiler,
 Holds my heart alone ;
 Nor will I beguile her,
 When I’m older grown.
 Yes, her beauties move me,
 Next to heav’n above me ;
 Nothing have I here,
 Half, Oh ! half so dear !

Oft the lads and lasses
 Mock my tender care ;
 Oft, as Peggy passes,
 Slily at me stare.
 Nought their jeering moves me,
 Dearest Peggy loves me :
 Soon they all shall see,
 Peggy wed with me.

Happy-fated flower,
 Ere to her you fly,
 Blossom near my bower,
 'Neath the vernal sky.
 Soon thy joy encreasing,
 Peggy's bosom gracing,
 Kisses wait for thee ;
 One, perchance, for me !

WATER-PIECE.

DELIGHTED, my fancy still wanders,
 Where flows the clear stream in meanders—
 Still paints the gay bark on its tide.
 Dear bark, where with bliss all elated,
 Near Lucy, sweet maid, so oft seated,
 I have lov'd down the current to glide.

We sail'd on its soft-heaving billows,
 And 'neath the cool shade of its willows,
 Mark'd how the fish sported and play'd ;
 We mark'd the green margin so blooming,
 As Spring all its charms was resuming,
 And saw the lambs skip o'er the mead.

Sweet days ! how I love to review them !
 How fondly I long to renew them !
 Dear maid, were they pleasing to thee ?
 If so, let us ship us together,
 And steer through Life's fair and foul weather—
 And Cupid our pilot shall be.

S A L I S.

JOHANN GAUDENZ FREIHERR VON SALIS, was born the 26th of December, 1762, at Seewis, in the country of the Grisons. He served in the Swiss Guard at Versailles, until the beginning of the French Revolution, and was under the command of General Montesquieu, during the conquest of Savoy. Subsequent to the year 1798, he was Inspector-general of the militia, in Switzerland, without any fixed abode. At present he holds no public office, but resides at Malans, in the Country of the Grisons.

Salis is a favorite poet in Germany. His language is dignified and generally correct. Occasionally, a few Helvetian idioms remind us, that he is a native of a country where the classical High German dialect is forced to submit to changes which the Goethes and Schillers, who have done so much towards purifying its fountain, cannot consider otherwise than barbarous. Salis is more successful in the lyric, than in any other species of poetical composition; for the lofty scope of the ode, and the solemn sublimity of the hymn, his genius was evidently unfit. In almost every poem, however slight, we can discover whom he has chosen for his model. Matthiesson, his intimate friend, and the editor of his Works, manifestly surpasses him in originality, and in the variety and richness of poetic colouring; but does not equal him in depth and delicacy of feeling, particularly in the elegy. The fourth and improved edition of Salis's Poems, appeared at Zurich, in 1808.

S P R I N G.

FRESHER green the lawns display,
Vernal odours scent the dale ;
Gayly trills the linnet's lay,
Sweetly wails the nightingale.
See the grove its buds disclose ;
Love awakes the soft recess :
Now each shepherd bolder grows,
Kinder ev'ry shepherdess !

Now the blossom rears its head,
Spring recalls its blooming pride ;
Spring enamels all the mead,
Decks the hillock's sloping side.
See the lily of the vale,
Peeping through its leafy shade,
Half its modest charms conceal :
Garland meet for spotless maid !

Now the woodbine's twining shade,
Sweetly forms the rustic bower ;—
Soft retreat of youth and maid,
True to Love's appointed hour !
Fonder grows the Zephyr's kiss,
Pleasure wakes at Nature's call ;
Vernal life, and thrilling bliss,
Feels the heart, that feels at all !

CHRISTIAN LÄVINUS FREDERIC SANDER.

Of the private life and history of this excellent writer, little is known. He is at present Secretary to the Board of Roads, at Copenhagen. Though a native of Denmark, as it appears, his Works are all written in German; and he is acknowledged to possess a pre-eminent rank among the best comic writers, in prose and verse, which Germany boasts of as her own.



DEATH'S CRADLE SONG.

How snug is my pillow, my bedding how warm!
To slumber how tempting, how shelter'd from harm!

See Spring, happy season, new garnish the bowers,
And strew o'er my couch its first buds and its flowers !
The nightingale too, her soft lay shall repeat.—
Thy slumber how sweet !

How snug is my pillow, my bedding how warm !
How safe lies the sleeper from care and alarm !
When Winter, in storms and in darkness array'd,
My couch with a carpet of snow shall o'erspread,
Still thou shalt behold the rude tempest increase,
Yet slumber in peace !

On earth is fair Virtue unsought and unknown,
And heart-felt enjoyment from mortals is flown.
There Hope will deceive thee, and Love will betray,
And torture thy bosom by night and by day :
While here smiles an angel ;—kind Death is his name,
And brightens thy dream ?

Come, then, weary pilgrim, nor startle with dread ;
My pillow is downy, and warm is my bed :
I'll bear thy hard burden, thy griefs will I share,
And lull thee to slumber, and still thy despair.
Ah ! come, and while Death thus invites to repose,
Forget all thy woes !

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER,

Was born on the 10th of November, 1759, at Marbach, in Wirtemberg, where his father then held a Lieutenant's commission in the Duke's service. Schiller gave early indications of an uncommonly vivid imagination, and was attracted by nothing so strongly as by the fictions of poesy. The prophets of the Old Testament were his first favorite objects of study ; above all, he was delighted with Ezekiel. Klopstock's Messiah next engaged his attention, and we may here take occasion to observe, that no other poet had so powerful an influence on the original formation of his character. It was owing to the sacred poetry of that great genius, that religious feelings held, for a long period, exclusive possession of Schiller's mind, and determined him at first to make divinity his principal study, and profession for life. After a considerable lapse of time he altered that resolution, and applied himself to the study of medicine. With the exception of Klopstock's Works, his acquaintance with books was hitherto limited to the Eneis and Luther's excellent translation of the Bible. He now began to try his own strength in poetry, and wrote an epic, of which Moses was the hero : but the tragedies of Ugolino and Goetz von Berlichingen, gave quite a different

direction to his genius, and made him, as it were in his own despite, a tragic poet. It was not till after he had repeatedly perused these two tragedies, and committed a considerable portion of them to memory, that he became acquainted with the immortal Shakespeare, who long excluded every other poet from his thoughts, and became the object of his entire admiration, the model of his enthusiasm, and the aim towards which he directed all his efforts of imitation. In enumerating, however, the writers who have produced a visible effect on the character, style, and language of Schiller's Works, we must not forget Lessing, whose plays, and Leisentz, whose tragedy, (*Julius of Tarent*), contributed their influence to that of the other great productions we have before alluded to. The early dramas of Schiller betrayed rather the marks of laborious and even slavish imitation, than evinced the powers of an original and creative genius. That genius did not display the fulness of its splendor, until the year 1777, when our author was seventeen years of age, and distinguished himself by the production of his *Robbers*. During the first performance of that tragedy, at Manheim, it excited the displeasure of a person of distinction, from the country of Grisons, in consequence of a passage that reflected upon the natives of that country, who were represented as highwaymen; and a formal complaint being laid before the Duke, Schiller was prohibited from writing in future. This circumstance determined our poet to quit the Duke's service. He went first to

Manheim, and, through some friendly recommendations, was engaged to write for a stage, which was, at this period, the most brilliant in all Germany. Here he produced his Fiesko, and his Kabale und Liebe, better known in England by the title of The Minister. This situation, however, did not long content him, for he successively changed his residence to Dresden, Leipzig, and Weimar. In 1789, Goethe exerted his interest to procure for him a professorship of philosophy at Jena, and from that chair Schiller delivered lectures on history, and the philosophy of taste, with great credit to himself, and to the high gratification of his audience.

At Dresden he wrote his Memoirs, and his History of the Thirty Years' War; there, too, he became entangled in the maze of Kant's philosophy, and, by overstrained intellectual exertion, brought on that illness which occasioned his premature death. After receiving, in 1795, the appointment of professor of history, in the same University, he was prevailed upon by Goethe to remove from Jena to Weimar, where he experienced some improvement in health, and gave to the world the most finished productions of his Muse. In 1802, the Emperor of Germany conferred upon him the distinction of nobility, an honor which he enjoyed but for a short time, for, after his return from a journey to Berlin, in 1804, he had another attack of his asthmatic complaint; this was succeeded by a nervous fever which wasted the remnant of his strength, and terminated his honorable life on the 9th of May, 1805.

Schiller, the great favorite of the German nation, possessed talents of so high an order, and so varied a description, that in each separate sphere of their exertion he may claim a principal rank amongst the writers of his country. He has written in many forms and upon many subjects; but such is the richness, the depth, the originality of his compositions, that in no one style which he deigned to adopt, either in prose or poetry, can Germany boast of having produced a writer who has surpassed him. The first complete collection of his Works was published at Tubingen, in 12 vols. 8vo. Of those Works, we must, above all, notice his "Theater," containing, *Die Rauber*, *Kabale und Liebe*, *Fiesko*, *Braut von Messina*, *Don Carlos*, *Maria Stuart*, *Jungfrau von Orleans*, *Tell*, and the last in order, but first in merit, his *Wallenstein*. The most celebrated of his other writings are his Miscellaneous Poems, his "Thirty Years' War," and History of the Rebellion of the Low Countries against Spain.



THE FAITHFUL KNIGHT.

A BALLAD.

“ **L**OVE, but such as brothers claim,
Dares my heart bestow ;
More, dear Youth, forbear to name ;
More were cause of woe !
Fain I’d see thee calm appear,
Calm from hence depart—
'Gainst that soft infectious tear,
Must I steel my heart !”

Dumb with grief, the lover hears,
 Lost in fond dismay,
Clasps the damsel, checks his tears,
 Mounts and hies away :
Heads his trusty vassal band,
 Speeds to Palestine :—
Sons of hardy Switzerland,
 Badg'd with holy sign.

Perils dire the hero braves,
 Deathless deeds performs ;
Still his helmet's plumage waves,
 Where the battle storms :
And the name of Switzerland
 Scars the faithless foe ;
Yet the Youth, by love enchain'd,
 Wastes with tender woe.

Twelve slow moons he bears his grief ;
 Longer cannot bear ;
Vainly sighs for kind relief,
 Then forsakes the war.
Spies a bark, on Joppa's strand,
 Swell its spreading sails ;
Hies on board, and seeks the land
 Where his fair-one dwells.

Now the wand'rer at her gate,
 Thrills with tender fears ;
Ah ! what bitter ills await,
 When these words he hears :

"She thou seek'st now bears the veil,
Now is Heaven's bride;
Yester-morn, at matins' bell,
To the world she died."

Straight he shuns his native vale,
Shuns his father's board—
Quits the scenes he lov'd so well,
Quits his steed and sword :
Lives unknown, unmark'd, forlorn,
Far from prying eyes ;
Sackcloth garb, and beard unshorn,
Youth's fair prime disguise.

And, ere long, a simple shed,
Near yon slope he rears,
Where the cloister's tow'ry head
O'er the grove appears ;
There, from morning's blushing sky,
Down to setting sun,
Hope still beaming in his eye,
Sits the Youth alone :

Sits and eyes the cloister's pile,
Eyes its hallow'd bounds—
Eyes the window of her cell,
Till the casement sounds ;
Till the lov'd recluse is seen,
Till the sainted maid
Casts a look, as Heav'n serene,
Down the silent glade.

Then, at each returning night,
 Sinks to soothing dreams ;
Grateful hails the welcome light,
 When the morning beams.
Patient still, for many a day,
 Many a year's long roand,
Waits the ling'ring hour away,
 For that casement's sound :—

Till the lov'd recluse is seen,
 Till the sainted maid
Casts a look, as Heav'n serene,
 Down the silent glade.
And as Death, one fated morn,
 Ends his tender care,
Still his looks, all pallid, turn
 Tow'r'd the cloister'd fair !

ON THE WORKS OF ANTIQUE ART AT PARIS.

WHAT the Arts of Greece created,
Vainly hath the Gaul translated
 To the banks of Seine—
Let grand Museums proudly boast
The trophies of a plund'ring host—
 The triumph is in vain.

Dumb will she be to him for ever—
She from her pedestal will never
Descend—’tis he alone
Is of the heav'ly Muse possest,
Who feels her in his glowing breast—
To Vandals she is stone.

CANADIAN DEATH-SONG.

SEATED on his sedgy mat,
See the honor'd dead ;
All erect, as erst he sat,
Ere his spirit fled.
Where is now his sturdy gripe ?
Where his manhood's bloom ?
Where the breath, that, from his pipe,
Puff'd the votive fume ?

Where the eye, that o'er the plain,
Mark'd the rein-deer's way ;
Sharper than the falcon's ken
Beam'd its piercing ray ?
Where the leg, whose ample stride
Brush'd the drifted snow ?
Fleet as stag, the woodland's pride,
Fleet as mountain roe !

Where the arm, whose peerless might
Bent the stubborn bow?
(Death has clos'd his eyes in night;) Nerveless hangs it now!
Cease the plaint; he soars above,
Far from snow and hail;
Rambles o'er the shady grove,
Breathes the healthful gale.

There, in ev'ry tangled brake,
Throng the feather'd brood;
Fishes swarm the lucid lake;
Game, the tufted wood.
There with happy souls he eats,
Quaffs his bev'rage there;
While we sing his valiant feats,
And his grave prepare.

Bring the gifts, the last sad boon;
Songs funereal raise:—
In his silent grave be thrown
All the dead can please.
'Neath him let his hatchet lie,
Ting'd with hostile blood;
Bring the grim bear's brawny thigh;
Dreary is the road!

Bring the knife, whose sharpen'd blade
Scalp'd the prostrate foe;
O'er his grave, the scalps be laid,
Rang'd in grisly row.

Strew his hand with colours meet,
 Ere he take his flight ;
 That his shade the ghosts may greet,
 Beaming crimson light !

HYMN TO JOY.

Joy, from source celestial springing,
 Inmate of Elysian bow'r ;
 Touch'd by thee, with rapture glowing,
 We invoke thy heavenly power.
 Tyrant Custom's harsh distinctions
 Sink before thy just award :—
 Beggars smile the peers of princes,
 Where thy magic voice is heard.

CHORUS.

Fellow myriads, far and near !
 Hail, and take the proffer'd hand !
 Sure a pow'r to mortals bland,
 Dwells above yon starry sphere !

He whom happier fortune favours—
 He who boasts a friend that's true—
 He whom Love's soft transport kindles—
 Let him join the gladsome crew.

But the wretch whose wayward fortunes,
 Love and Friendship's boons restrain;
 Let him quit the joyous banquet:
 Weeping, quit the genial train!

C H O R U S.

Sacred pow'r of Sympathy!
 All creation owns thy sway:
 To the brighter realms of day
 Thou shalt lift thy votary!

All that breathes through varied Nature
 Sips the nectar'd cup of Joy:
 Good and bad, with equal ardour,
 Fondly crowd her roseate way.
 Love, and wine, and Friendship's treasure,
 Joy with lavish hand bestows:
 Joy the abject reptile gladdens—
 While on high the seraph glows!

C H O R U S.

Mortals, own the Deity;
 Own the pow'r of Nature's lord:
 Let the rapturous loud accord
 Reach the blissful seats on high!

Joy, unceasing source of motion,
 Animates the varied scene;
 Potent spring of wide creation,
 Joy impels the vast machine.

Buds to flow'r's her influence ripens,
Suns she draws from realms of day :
Rolls the spheres through boundless ether,
Far beyond the tube's survey.

C H O R U S.

Joyous as the rolling sphere
Wanders through ethereal space,
Let us speed our mortal race ;
Gayly speed our short career !

Smiling sweet in Truth's bright mirror,
Joy the Searcher's toil requites ;
Joy, the prize of mild endurance,
Leads to Virtue's steepy heights.
See, on Faith's resplendent mountain,
High aloft her banners wave !
Joy pervades the choir of angels ;—
Joy shall reach the darksome grave.

CHORUS.

Learn the ills of Life to bear,
Check the tear, and still the sigh ;
Heav'n rewards the victory,
High above yon spangled sphere.

Nought requites indulgent Heaven :
Let us emulate its care.
Sons of Poverty and Sorrow,
Haste, and find a welcome here.

Fell Revenge and bitter Rancour
 Shun the social, gay retreat :
 Here, be ev'ry foe forgiven ;—
 Pardon ev'ry wrong await !

C H O R U S.

Jars and broils no more be heard ;
 Peace her olive-wand displays !
 He, whose eye the globe surveys,
 Soon shall judge as we award !

Sparkling high in flowing glasses,
 Flights sublime shall Joy inspire—
 Cannibals inhale soft mercy ;
 Wild Despair—heroic fire.
 Now the foaming goblet circles ;
 Gayly quaff the gen'rous wine :
 Wine, the gift of bounteous Nature !
 Praise the pow'r that gave the vine !

C H O R U S.

He, whose praise the tuneful spheres
 Chaunt in ceaseless harmony ;
 He, who dwells above the sky,
 Gave the vine to soothe our cares !

Calmly bear the frowns of Fortune ;
 Soothe the heart oppress'd with woe :
 Sacred keep the plighted promise ;
 True alike to friend and foe.

Manly pride display to Princes;
Give to modest worth its due;
Cherish truth and all its vot'ries;
Deprecate the perjur'd crew.

C H O R U S.

Closer knit our holy bands;
Low at Truth's bright altar bow:
Swear to keep the plighted vow;
Swear by Him, who all commands!

Wide may sacred Freedom triumph!
E'en may Pity Vice await;
Hope attend Life's latest glimmer;—
Mercy ward the felon's fate.
Lo, the shrowded dead shall quicken!
Mortals, list, and Heav'n adore.
Ev'ry crime shall be forgiven;
Death and hell shall be no more!

C H O R U S.

Peace, at Life's departing scene;
Soft repose beneath the tomb;
Looks benign, and gracious doom,
From the awful judge of men!



HERO AND LEANDER.

A BALLAD.

SEE yon airy turrets rise
On either strand, and mock the skies,
And catch the golden gleam of day ;
Where hoary Hellespontus swells,
As through the rocky Dardanelles,
He proudly works his foamy way.
And mark the storm, whose fury tore
Old Asia from Europa's shore ;—
Yet Love, undaunted, dares to brave
The terrors of the madd'ning wave.

To Hero's eyes Leander bow'd,
Her cheek with yielding blushes glow'd,
And Cupid smil'd, and blest the pair.
The maid, in grace with Hebe vied,
The youth, of all the swains the pride
That gayly urg'd the sylvan war.
But soon paternal hate destroys
The tender blossoms of their joys ;
And Love's soft accents cease to flow,
And rapture yields to lonely woe.

And now, from Sestos' gloomy tow'r,
That echoes to the surge's roar,
And high o'erhangs the briny flood ;
The maid in silent anguish lost,
Surveys Abydos' shelvy coast,
Her lov'd Leander's sad abode.
No friendly bridge, alas ! was there,
To bear him to the weeping fair ;
No gliding bark her eyes survey—
Yet, vent'rous Love explores the way.

The Cretan bow'r's entangled maze,
Dædalian art in vain shall raise ;—
Inventive Love detects the clue !
The monster's savage rage he quells,
The fire-exhaling steer expells,
And yokes him to the peaceful plough.
Nor Styx, that ninefold winds his way,
The god's resistless course can stay :
Though hell's dire forms around him glide,
Yet Love redeems the Thracian bride.

Leander, too, whose looks impart
The tender griefs that rend his heart,
With new-born ardour Love supplies.
When daylight pales its fervid ray,
His glowing bosom cleaves the spray,
And through the dashing surge he hies :
He shoots athwart the liquid plain,
And pants the friendly shore to gain,
Where high upon the darksome tow'r,
The flambeau cheers the lonely hour.

Now bless'd with Beauty's fondest smile,
The youth forgets his recent toil,
And ev'ry pang he felt before :
Love's sweet reward the hour employs ;
He revels in celestial joys,
For him alone reserv'd in store ;—
Till morn obtrusive 'gins to beam,
And chase the Lover's blissful dream.
Hard task ! her snowy arms to leave,
And tempt again the stormy wave !

Thus, thrice ten times had Phœbus' ray
Unbarr'd the orient gates of day,
And wing'd with joy each moment flew ;—
In sweetest joys of stolen love,
As Jove himself might sigh to prove;
For ever young, and ever new !
Nor bliss sincere shall mortals know,
Whose bosom 'scapes the shafts of woe.
Through ill, we ev'ry good attain,
And Love rewards an age of pain !

Bright Hesper and Aurora rise
Alternate in the vaulted skies,
Nor yet perceive the happy pair,
That Autumn thins the bow'ry shade ;
Nor dream that brumal blasts invade,
And chill, and nip the fading year.
But still with secret joy they trace
Each waining day's contracted space ;
And bless the gods with fond delight,
That longer grows each welcome night.

Already now had night and day,
Held o'er the world an equal sway,
When pensive from the castle-wall,
The lonely maid, with anxious eye,
Beheld the sun descend the sky,
And haste on Thetis' lap to fall.
Each ruder wind was hush'd to sleep,
Unruffled lay the grassy deep,
And all its smooth expanse confess'd,
The purpled glories of the west.

Gay shoals of wanton dolphins ride
Disporting on the crystal tide,
And glitter to the setting ray ;
While, rising from their dark abodes,
A varied train of wat'ry gods
Emerge, and grace departing day.
Nor other eyes than their's attest .
The story of the nightly guest,
And none the am'rous theft reveal'd;
For Hecate every mouth had seal'd.

She gaz'd, and hail'd the placid flood,
And thus address'd the guardian God,
With accent bland and tearful eye :
“ Propitious Power, canst thou beguile ?
“ Shall ruin lurk in Nature's smile ?
“ Ah, no ! avaunt the impious lie.
“ But man shall play the Traitor's part,
“ And anger steel a Parent's heart ;
“ Yet thou art kind, and deign'st to prove,
“ The refuge of despairing love !

“ Within these dreary walls entomb'd,
“ How sad each ling'ring day had gloom'd ;
“ What anguish mark'd the darken'd hour :
“ Had not the kindly wave convey'd,
“ Without or bark, or bridge's aid,
“ The lover to the lonesome tow'r ?
“ Tremendous is thy deep abode,
“ And dire the fury of the flood ;
“ Yet Love's soft vows could still prevail,
“ And courage mock the rising gale.

“ For thou the pow'r of Love hast known,
“ And bow'd before his potent throne,
“ When Helle caught thy fond survey ;
“ What time the golden ram convey'd,
“ Across thy wave, the timid Maid,
“ In pride of Beauty's brightest day.
“ A willing captive to her charms,
“ Thou held'st her in thy eager arms,
“ And drew'st her 'neath the liquid plain,
“ To grace and bless thy hidden reign.

"And now, immortal at thy side,
"Still blooms the beauteous captur'd bride,
 "And lists, as hapless lovers wail :
"She stills the spirits of the flood,
"And smooths the sailor's trackless road,
 "And gently swells his gliding sail.
"Auspicious Helle ! goddess fair !
"Regard thy suppliant's tender pray'r !
"Avert each danger of the sea !
"And speed Leander's well-known way !"

She spoke—when, lo ! the alter'd sky
Already told the tempest nigh ;
 And now she fixed, with trembling hand,
The friendly torch, whose glimmen'ring ray
Should point the Lover's stormy way,

 And guide him to the welcome strand.
The surgy din still louder grows,
The gale with wilder fury blows,
The stars forsake th' ethereal dome,
And Nature shudders at the gloom.

Dun Night assumes her dreary reign,
And adds new terrors to the scene ;
 And ev'ry cloud pours out its store ;
The loosen'd winds with fury sweep
The ruffled bosom of the deep,
 And lightnings glare, and thunders roar.
The storm now lifts the raging wave,
Now bares old Ocean's inmost cave ;
Nor Hell's grim jaws more horrors breathe,
Than mark the yawning gulph beneath.

“Ah, me!” the wretched mourner cries,
And lifts to heav’n her streaming eyes;
“How rash the boons that mortals crave!
“Ah! should the Gods have heard my pray’r,
“And should Leander’s luckless star,
“Have urg’d him on the faithless wave!
“Each wary bird that haunts the flood,
“Now homeward plies its airy road;
“Each lab’ring vessel speeds its way,
“And hastens to the shelt’ring bay.

“And, ah! too sure, the youth unscarr’d,
“Still dares the path so often dar’d;
“Still yields to Love’s impatient sway:
“For, as he left this conscious tow’r,
“He swore by ev’ry sacred pow’r;—
“And Death alone obstructs his way.
“And now his vig’rous arm, in vain,
“Repels the fury of the main;
“He breasts, in vain, the dashing wave,
“And finds, alas! a wat’ry grave.

“Invidious Power! thy placid mien,
“Was meant thy fell intent to screen;
“No glossy mirror shone so gay.
“Thy waves in false repose were laid,
“Till on thy smiling surface sped,
“Leander urg’d his vent’rous way—
“And now, upon thy bosom toss’d,
“Ere half the stormy flood be cross’d,
“Thou whelm’st him in thy ruthless deep,
“And leav’st despairing Love to weep!”

And still the Storm's increasing roar
Resounds from either rocky shore,
And each rude billow braves the sky.

The oak-ribb'd bark contends in vain,
To stem the fury of the main;—

No aid the Pilot's art supply:
And, lo! the torch, whose wonted light
So oft had cheer'd the Lover's night,
Now quench'd, withdraws its friendly ray,
And horror holds unbounded sway.

To Venus, now, the hapless fair
Prefers the vow of soft despair,
And calls her pitying aid divine:
To every wind a victim vows,
A wanton steer whose stately brows
With golden horns resplendent shine.
Each goddess of the dark profound,
Each pow'r on high Olympus crown'd,
The wretched suppliant assails,
To quell the fury of the gales.

“ And thou, divinest Leucothe,
“ Whom oft, upon the shoreless sea,
“ The storm-beat mariner implores;
“ Who oft, propitious to his pray'r,
“ Hast smooth'd the wave and still'd the air,
“ O hear me, from thy coral bow'rs!
“ And bear my love, thy sacred veil,
“ Whose pow'r can sooth the angry gale;
“ Each terror of the deep can charm,
“ And nerve the swimmer's slacken'd arm.”

And straight the wild winds softer blow,
And fair Aurora's ruddy glow

Again proclaims the new-born Day:
The sea resumes its wonted bed,
Each blast in still repose is laid,
And Morning smiles, and all is gay.
Soft roll the lucid waves along,
And gently break the rocks among—
In playful lapse the strand explore,
And waft a pallid corse to shore.

"Tis he, who still his promise keeps,
Though wrapt in Death's cold arms he sleeps;
That well-known form the maiden view'd:
Nor one sad plaint escap'd the fair,
Nor dimm'd her eye one single tear,
But lost in torpid woe she stood.
And now, the fatal deep she eyes,
Now gazes on the vaulted skies;
And now her kindling cheeks declare
The transient flush of wild despair.

"Ye Gods," she cries, "I own your sway—
"Your dreaded might ye thus display,
"Nor vows, nor tears, shall mercy find.
"In Youth's soft prime my course is sped;
"Yet, many a flow'r my path has spread,
"And sweet the lot that Fate assigned.
"While living, to thy power divine,
"These hands, O Venus, deck'd thy shrine—
"Thy willing victim now I prove;
"The victim of almighty Love!"

She spoke—and, lo! the maddening fair,
Her robes all flutt'ring in the air,
Plung'd headlong in the closing wave:
The wave each hallow'd corse sustains;
And rising from his deep domains,
The God himself supplies their grave.
And now, exulting in his prey,
He gladsome speeds his eddying way,
And thriftless from his urn he pours,
His clear and never-ceasing stores.

THE ANTIQUE STATUE TO THE NORTHERN TRAVELLER.

STREAMS hast thou past and seas, thy curious flight
Hath led thee o'er the giddy Alpine height,
To see me nearer, to admire my frame,
Which, to the world, Fame's hundred tongues proclaim;
Thou stand'st before me now—am I to thee
The nearer now, the nearer thou to me?

THE MEED OF VIRTUE.

To Virtue's meed two ways are giv'n
To mortals, by indulgent Heav'n—
The fortunate, by deeds attain it,
By suffering, the patient gain it—
Happy the man, whose mortal days
Are mark'd by both these diff'rent ways.

TO THE MUSE.

I do not know what I should be,
Were I depriv'd, my Muse, of thee—
But, sick at heart, am I to see
What thousands are, who feel not thee.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,
IN THE PARK OF POTHERINGAY CASTLE.

From the Tragedy of "Mary Stuart."

FREEDOM returns—oh! let me enjoy it,
Let me be happy, be happy with me—
Freedom invites me—oh! let me employ it,
Skinning, with winged step, light o'er the lea—
Have I escap'd from this mansion of mourning?
Holds me no more this sad dungeon of care?
Let me with thirsty impatience burning,
Drink in the free, the celestial air.—
Thanks to these friendly trees which hide from me
My prison's bounds, and flatter my illusion;
Happy I'll dream myself, and gladly free;
Why wake me from my Dream's so sweet confusion?
From where yon misty mountains rise on high,
I can my Empire's boundaries explore,
And those light clouds which steering southwards fly,
Seek the mild clime of France's genial shore;

Hastening clouds ! ye meteors that fly,
Could I but with you speed through the sky ?
Tenderly greet me the land of my youth ;
I am in sorrow, I am in restraint,
I have none else to bear my complaint ;
Free in ether your path is seen,
Ye are not subject to this tyrant Queen.
Hear'st thou the bugle ? blithly resounding,

Hear'st thou its blast through wood and plain ?
Could I once more on my nimble steed bounding,
Join the jocund, the frolicsome train !
Again, oh ! sadly pleasing remembrance ;
Such were the sounds which so merry and clear,
Oft, when with music the hounds and the horn
Cheerfully wakened the slumbering morn,
On the hills of the Highlands delighted my ear.

CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH DANIEL SCHUBART.

Born the 26th of March, 1759.
Died the 10th of October, 1791.

THE life of this unfortunate individual, replete as it is with calamity, would, if circumstantially related, occupy much more space than we can afford to bestow on it; we therefore refer the reader for further details to the memoirs drawn up by Schubart himself, during his confinement in the fortress of Asperg, and shall content ourselves with noticing a few particulars which have reference rather to his acquirements as a writer, than to his misfortunes as a man. He had every facility afforded to his education, for his father was a clergyman at Obersontheim, in Suabia: but previous to his seventh year he gave very slight indication of natural talents, being at that age barely able to read and write. It is remarkable, that his mind then suddenly manifested those energies, which, after their development, left him without a rival. He seemed particularly born to excel in music. At the different schools through which he passed, he studied with diligence the Greek and Roman classics, and shewed great fondness for Klopstock's Messiah;

but when he entered the University of Erlangen, he commenced that irregular, disorderly, and imprudent course of life, which was the main cause of his ruin. His father, however, was satisfied with his accomplishments, for he had learnt to preach, to speak Latin, and to play with execution on the piano forte. In the pulpit he might have excelled, had he applied himself exclusively to this branch of eloquence, and read the Scriptures with attention. Latterly, he was generally accustomed to deliver his discourses extempore, and he frequently wandered from the subject. His father's income being small, he was induced to accept the situation of a private tutor at Königsbron, but soon relinquished that employment and became, throughout his subsequent life, unsettled in his habits and place of abode; a mode of existence which was partly the result of inclination, and partly the effect of compulsion. Wherever he rambled, his superior talents speedily procured him a livelihood, which he as speedily forfeited by his foolish and imprudent conduct. He was alternately a private tutor, an organist, a lecturer, a newspaper-writer, and sometimes nothing at all; but he never appeared in any capacity for a long time together. Amongst his numerous enemies, the clergy were the most formidable, and they succeeded at last in accomplishing his ruin. Banished from Augsburg, he fled to Ulm, where he published *Die Deutsche Chronik*; this work established his fame as a writer, but at the same time procured him many enemies. Having inserted in *Die Deutsche*

Chronik, a false report of the Empress Maria Theresa's death, General Rie , then Imperial Minister at Ulm, who was a haughty oppressive man, and his bitterest enemy, thought this a crime sufficiently atrocious to merit imprisonment for life. He informed the Duke of Wirtemberg of the punishment he designed for Schubart, but the Duke being equally enraged against him, claimed him as *his* prisoner. Schubart was accordingly sent to the fortress of Asperg, where he lived, or rather languished, for ten years, in extreme misery, without having passed through any form of trial. At length, in the year 1787, he was set at liberty, and the Duke of Wirtemberg, whose arbitrary mandate had destroyed his health of body and peace of mind, made him poet to the Court and Theatre. Three years after his liberation he died: The most celebrated of his works is *Die Deutsche Chronik*, a political pamphlet, which, at the time of its publication, had a most extensive sale. Next in rank to this production are his lyric poems, and his *Ideen zu einer Aesthetik der Ton-Kunst*.

S O N G.

A prey to tender anguish,
 Of ev'ry joy bereav'd,
How oft I sigh and languish!
 How oft by Hope deceiv'd!
Still wishing, still desiring,
To bliss in vain aspiring,
 A thousand tears I shed,
In nightly tribute sped.

And Love and Fame betraying,
 And Friends no longer true:
No smiles my face arraying,
 No heart so fraught with woe;
So pass'd my Life's sad morning:
Lost joys no more returning!
 Alas! now all around,
Is dark and cheerless found!

Ah! why did Nature give me
 A heart so soft and true;
A heart to pain and grieve me,
 At ills that others rue?

Thus, others' ills bewailing,
And inward griefs assailing;
With double anguish fraught,
To throb each pulse is taught.

Erelong, perchance, my sorrow
Shall find its welcome close;
Nor distant far the morrow,
That brings the wish'd repose:
When Death, with kind embracing,
Each bitter anguish chasing,
Shall mark my peaceful doom,
Beneath the silent tomb.

Then cease, my heart, to languish,
And cease to flow my tears;
Though nought be here but anguish,
The grave shall end my cares.
On Earth's soft lap reposing,
Life's idle pageant closing,
No more shall grief assail,
Nor sorrow longer wail.

SIEGFRIED.

PROEM

TO

SIAM AND GALMORA.

SAY, lonely wand'rer, whither would'st thou stray?
The haunts of Death beset thy fearful way;
Autumnal gales through moss-grown ruins sigh,
And Day's last blushes linger in the sky.
Straight, silent Night assumes her awful reign,
And brooding Horror saddens all the plain.
No wretch's wail, that errs at Midnight's gloom,
Shall wake the slumb'ring tenant of the tomb:
O stay thy step, nor tempt the guileful road,
Where Death and Darkness hold their dread abode.

Now slacks thy pace, askance thy footsteps rove:
Does meditation lead thee to the grove?
Or yonder fading hills, with plantains crown'd,
Allure thy steps?—Or does the hallow'd ground
Entomb the ashes of the plighted fair,
And from thy widow'd couch invite thee here
To pour thy wail, unmindful of relief,
And o'er her urn indulge voluptuous grief?

Or does in vain thy tearful eye survey,
If here, perchance, her fleeting spirit stray ;
If 'neath the starry Night's consoling gloom
She meet, and hail thee at her silent tomb ?—
If such thy tender plight, O welcome here :
And though the sainted dead no more appear,
Yet shall a tale, alike in hopeless woe,
Teach the big tear with soften'd pang to flow.

Hark ! hear'st thou not ?—e'en now, the breezy air,
Smote my still lute, and whisper'd soft despair :
To Galmor's woes, the trembling strings accord,
To her soft plaints, responsive sounds are heard.
Nor e'en the ruthless grave divides the fair,
From the dear object of her fondest care :
Lo ! where yon willow rears its verdant head,
And o'er the tombstone casts a gloomy shade,
In soft repose the hapless lovers lie,
And prompt the gentle tribute of a sigh.
Then hear the Muse their tender tale impart,
While kindred sorrows swell thy thrilling heart,
And Fancy spreads her magic pow'r around,
And stores, with gliding forms, the hallow'd ground

COUNT CHRISTIAN STOLBERG,
AND
COUNT FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD STOLBERG.

THESE celebrated writers and illustrious brothers, are not more allied by birth, than by the similarity of their literary pursuits, both having devoted their talents to poetry, and worshipped the same Muse.

Count Christian Stolberg was born the 15th of October, 1748, at Hamburg. He held the office of Chamberlain at the Danish Court, until the year 1777, when he was appointed administrator of the Danish domains at Tremsbüttel, in Holstein. This situation he voluntarily resigned, and was, a few years since, living on his estate of Windebye, near Eckernförde, in Holstein. When at the University of Gottingen, where he studied in company with his younger brother, Friedrich Leopold, he belonged to that association of youthful poets which we have so frequently had occasion to refer to. It is a praise equally due to both these noble brothers, that in their earlier years they essentially contributed to the improvement of German literature, particularly of German poetry; and that they not only formed their own style on Grecian models, but exerted

themselves in diffusing through Germany, a taste for the pure strains of poetry which has eternized the fame of the great writers of antiquity.

Count Christian does not equal his younger brother in genius, wit, imagination, and energy of expression; neither has he written nearly so much; but his verses abound in noble and ardent sentiments, and are rich in original ideas. His taste, like that of his brother, inclines to descriptive poetry, but his style is not equally vigorous and energetic. His tone is milder, and he is more pleasing in elegiac and lyric strains, than in the sublimity of epic narration. The Counts Stolberg have wandered, hand in hand, towards the Temple of Fame, and they will be fellows in immortality. Their juvenile poems were published together in one volume, by Boje, Leipzig, 1779, under the title of *Gedichte der Brüder Christian und Friedrich Leopold Grafen zu Stolberg*. They also published, conjointly, *Schauspiele mit Chören*, Leipzig, 1787: these dramas are four in number, *Thesous, Bel-sayer, Otanes, Der Jöngling*. They have both enriched their native literature with excellent translations;—the elder, with versions of thirty hymns of Homer, nine idyls of Theocritus, translations from Sophocles, from Anacreon, from several minor Greek poets, such as Bion, Moschus, Callimachus, and Musæus: the younger, with a complete version of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, which has gone through several editions.

Count Friedrich Leopold Stolberg, was born the 7th November, 1750, in the village of Bramstedt,

in Holstein. He was at first in the Danish service, but subsequently to the year 1777, Episcopal Plenipotentiary from the town of Lubeck to the Court of Copenhagen; after the year 1789, Danish ambassador at Berlin; after 1791, President of the Lubeck Government at Eutin; and in 1797, was made Knight of the Imperial Russian Order of St. Alexander Newsky. In the year 1800 he resigned all his offices, and, together with his whole family, except his eldest daughter, renounced the Protestant religion for the Roman Catholic: since that event he has resided at Munster. His poetical works consist of odes, elegies, lyrical songs, romances, pieces of descriptive poetry, satires, and plays; his productions in prose are, an account of a journey through Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Sicily; also, translations of Homer, Ossian, part of Plato, and some of the tragedies of Eschylus.



R O D O L P H.

A BALLAD.

RODOLPH, in paternal hall,
Breath'd from War's destructive scene :—
Rodolph, prompt at glory's call,
Rodolph, dread of hostile Gaul,
Dread of Moor of swarthy mien.

He, a gallant son deplores,
Last of all his noble stem :
Whilst, amid the moss-grown towers,
As his tender wail he pours,
Echo wafts the mournful theme.

Agnes, deck'd with golden hair,
Props his age and stills his sigh :
Mild as a dove, as May-morn fair,
Soothes a parent's sad despair,
Wipes the tear that dims his eye.

Yet herself in silent woe,
Pines by Moonlight's solemn gleam :
Albert, youth of open brow,
Breathes for her the tender vow,
And fair Agnes sighs for him.

Haughty Raymond, at whose side,
Five-score martial youths appear ;
Swells with vain heraldic pride,
Vaunts his trophies far and wide,
And old Rodolph holds him dear.

Albert, once, on festive day,
Kiss'd her hand, as lily fair :
Agnes' eyes, in soft dismay,
Chiding frowns would fain betray :—
But they only shew'd a tear !

Raymond marks the tender dame,
Eyes askance his shining blade ;
Love and rage his cheek inflame,
Wild and fierce his eyeballs gleam,
And around their fury shed.

Straight his gauntlet, threat'ning war,
On her virgin lap he laid :
“Take it, Albert, and repair
“Neath the mill :—I'll wait thee there :”
Swift he mounts, and scours the mead.

Albert hears the fierce defy ;
Mounts his steed to seek the foe :
Proud the graceful tear to spy,
Trickling from the maiden's eye—
Love and honor bade it flow.

Red their burnish'd arms appear,
Gleaming in the setting sun.
Hark ! their coursers' fierce career
Shakes the plain ; the frightened deer
To their inmost covert run.

Agnes, from the castle-wall,
Casts a wistful look beneath :
Boding fears her heart appal ;
Straight she sees her Albert fall :—
Saw—with eyes that close in death.

Back the victor fal'ring hies,
(Anxious doubts his breast invade ;)
Hears the wail of woe arise,
To the fair-one's chamber flies ;—
Starts—and falls upon his blade.

Rodolph snatch'd his darling care,
Held her to his throbbing breast;
Torpid, lost in dumb despair,
Clasp'd the cold unconscious fair,
Two long days—then sunk to rest!

S O N G.

By moonlight's softest lustre,
With Laura, o'er the green
I stray'd, and busy Fancy
Still paints the tender scene.

Soon breath'd the Zephyr warmer,
As hand in hand we came;
And soon a gentle tremor
Seiz'd all my troubled frame.

My Laura's eye reflected
Mild Cynthia's silver ray!
And on her lip it trembled,
And shed a sweeter day.

A tear of love quick starting,
Fell glist'ning from my eye;
And tender sighs, half stifled,
To Laura softly fly.

All silent was the maiden,
 A tear bedimm'd her sight;
 The moon the tear illumin'd,
 I mark'd its pearly light.

Nor dreamt my gentle Laura,
 Her eye that tear betray'd :
 The drop still palely glimmer'd,
 As down her cheek it stray'd.

The landscape faded round me,
 And vanish'd from my view :
 Ah, surely, shall I never,
 Such tender joys renew !

HYMN TO NATURE.

HOLY Nature, heav'nly fair,
 Lead me with thy parent care ;
 In thy footsteps let me tread,
 As a willing child is led.

When with care and grief oppress'd,
 Soft I sink me on thy breast ;
 On thy peaceful bosom laid,
 Grief shall cease, nor care invade.

O congenial pow'r divine,
 All my votive soul is thine !
 Lead me with thy parent care,
 Holy Nature, heav'nly fair !

JOHANN HEINREICH VOSS,

Was born the 20th of February, 1751, at Sommerdorf, in Mecklenburg. His father was originally a farmer, but being impoverished by the war, he afterwards became a schoolmaster. The education which he gave his son was, as may be supposed, not very superior; and, on quitting school, young Voss was under the necessity of accepting a private tutorship, until a particular friend took him (in 1772) to Gottingen, and provided for his support. He immediately turned his attention to that branch of study in which he afterwards became so eminent —the Classics. He, also, was one of those kindred spirits, whose union for the promotion of literature reflected such lustre, at this period, upon the University of which they were Members. In 1778, he was chosen Rector, or Master of the school at Otterndorf; and, in 1782, he held the same situation in the school at Eutin. The Prince of Holstein Goltorp conferred on Voss the dignity of an Aulic Counsellor; and when, in consequence of ill-health, he resigned his rectorship, in 1802, his illustrious patron settled on him an annual pension of six hundred dollars, with full permission to spend it wherever he chose to reside. His present abode is at Heidelberg.

The celebrated Wieland, in a critique upon the works of Voss, passes on him this highly flattering encomium. "To him the great merit is due of having attained a high distinction, not only among the best poets, but also among the most learned, ingenious, and elegant scholars in Germany." The most prominent excellencies in his poems are, a pure and chastened style, great power of genius and energy of expression, a play of humor, and an absolute command over all the riches of his language: his verses, in ancient as well as modern metre, are remarkable for their equable tenor and melody. His lyrics and idyls will be read as long as the poems of Schiller or Goethe. But Voss's highest title to renown is his talent for translation. His version of Homer is, perhaps, the best in any language; Virgil, Hesiod, Ovid, Aristophanes, and Shakespear—the two last recently translated, have lost none of their original force and spirit, by the manner in which he has transferred their beauties to his native tongue. An uniform edition of his works has not yet appeared; but his lyric poems, idyls, odes, fables, and epigrams, were published in 1802, at Konigsberg, in Prussia. His pastoral poem, in three idyls, entitled *Luise*, has, perhaps, chiefly established his fame in original composition.

VERNAL LOVE.

THE lark was up, serene the day,
The mead in vernal beauty gay,
The swelling buds the trees o'erspread,
The daisy rear'd its modest head ;
I rov'd the lake's green margin round,
Where late the snow had chill'd the ground,
And many a new-born violet found.

On Fanny's breast the flow'rs were laid :
A smile my tender care repaid.

Now here, now there, a shrub was seen,
That mark'd the grove with early green.
The streamlet, murmur'd down the glade,
Renew'd the cresset's deepen'd shade.
The mossy bank enticed repose :—
We sat, and caught each melting close
Of hapless Philomela's woes.

A simple wreath, her brows to bind,
Of varied moss, my fair entwin'd.

Then careless, hand in hand, we stray'd,
Till even'ing cast a lengthen'd shade ;
Sweet odours fill'd the breezy air,
As bloom'd the primrose fresh and fair ;
Deep blush'd the sky, as day-light clos'd,
The lake with streaming purple glow'd,
And the bright moon her full orb shew'd.

The fault'ring step, the heaving breast,
My Fanny's silent joy confessed.

Her crimson'd cheek and loose attire,
The soft alarms of Love inspire.
Again we sat, and all reclin'd,
Inhal'd the blossom-scented wind :
Nor ought I spoke, nor ought she said—
My trembling frame, my tears, betray'd
The empire of the peerless maid.

But, ah ! what transports seiz'd my soul,
When the first dear kiss I softly stole !

4



S O N G.

BENEATH a poplar's friendly shadow,
Beside a rushy mere,
Young Fanny sat, all blithe and blooming,
And knit, unvext with care ;
And while she knit, she sung so sweet,
A ballad I shall ne'er forget.

When idly o'er the meadow wand'ring,
To lure the finny train,
Conceal'd beneath the alder bushes,
I heard dear Fanny's strain :
My useless angle down I laid,
And soft approach'd the blushing maid.

“Why all alone?—shall I intrude then?
 “Fresh breathes the Zephyr here.”
“Good swain,” she cries, “I’ve just been straying,
 “Along this glassy mere.”
“But now the sun ascends the sky,
“And to the cooling shade I fly.”

I sat me down, and soon soft tremors
 My listless limbs invade,
And Fanny’s foot, so neat and shapely,
 By mine was closely laid ;
And stretch’d upon the flow’ry green,
 Her taper ancle too was seen.

We trembled, like two aspen branches,
 And neither knew for why ;
We talk’d of corn, and kine, and weather ;
 Then ceas’d, then ’gan to sigh :
And list’ned to the lapwing’s strain,
 And heard the bittern loud complain.

Now bolder grown, her work I tangled ;
 I stole her yarn away :
And she, with knitting-pins assailing,
 Provok’d the am’rous fray ;
Till quite incens’d, in playful spite,
 She vow’d, unless I ceas’d, she’d bite.

But see, I cry’d, the sun’s beams darting
 Across the quiv’ring spray ;

They paint thy lip, and tinge thy dimples,
With purest, sweetest ray.
O'er ev'ry charm his glories beam,
As when he gilds the placid stream.

She smil'd ;—her bosom gently flutter'd,
And heav'd a stifled sigh;
I stole a kiss, and swore to love her :
She blush'd in kind reply.
And when I break my plighted vow,
The conscious stream shall cease to flow !



T H E W O O E R.

WITH auburn locks and killing eyes,
A lass tripp'd o'er the mead;
The day declin'd—soft blush'd the skies,
And warblings fill'd the glade.
Her only could I hear and see.—
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye, by me!

A russet garb, with graceful ease,
Intwin'd her slender waist:
Her coats and tresses caught the breeze,
And flutter'd as it past.
Her snow-white hose I plain could see.—
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye, by me!

The dappled cow now jogg'd along,
 And fill'd her cleanly pail ;
 And while the maiden milk'd and sung,
 I urg'd my tender tale.
 Her eye bespoke soft courtesy :
 Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
 For ever and for aye, by me !

My tale I told, she deign'd to smile,
 In sweet suspense I stood,
 Yet dared to steal a kiss the while ;—
 Her cheek with blushes glow'd.
 As glow'd the west, so redd'n'd she :
 Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
 For ever and for aye, by me !

O'er stile, o'er hedge, I help'd the maid,
 Her brimming pail to bear,
 And chas'd the goblin from the glade,
 And sung to banish fear.
 For dark it grew, we scarce could see :
 Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
 For ever and for aye, by me !

Her mother rav'd.—“ So late ! ” she cried :
 The damsel hung her head.
 “ Good mother, hear, nor rashly chide,—
 “ I'd fain thy daughter wed ;
 “ Consent our mutual bliss to see : .
 “ Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
 “ For ever and for aye, by me ! ”

CHRISTIAN FELIX WEISZE,

Was born the 28th of January, 1726, at Aunaberg, in Saxony, where his father was head master of a Latin school. In consequence of the premature death of this excellent man, and profound scholar, young Weisze's education was much neglected; for the little progress he made, he was chiefly indebted to his mother. He afterwards passed nine years at the Gymnasium (Academy) at Altenberg, time uselessly employed; since, from the wretched method of instruction there pursued, he obtained little more than a superficial knowledge of the Greek and Roman Classics and Ancient History; in fact, he learned nothing properly. With this slender stock of information, and a still more slender supply of money, he removed to the University of Leipzig. Resolved, however, to live economically, and to deny himself every thing in the shape of luxury, he applied closely to study, and felt removed from every care. The event which had the most beneficial influence on his future life, was the acquaintance which he formed in this University with Klopstock, Cramer, Gellert, Rabener, Kaestner, and particularly with Lessing. These young men, afterwards so celebrated in their different depart-

ments of literature, were then labouring in conjunction, to introduce principles of sound criticism and good taste, into the little world of letters around them. Weisze became so closely connected by the bonds of friendship, with the great Lessing, that they hardly passed a single day separate; and as the mind of his friend was deeply imbued with the knowledge of most sciences, and of many languages, Weisze greatly benefited by this constant and familiar intercourse. But the pleasure which they derived from reading to each other, and from the mutual interchange of opinions, was even exceeded by the delight which they experienced in witnessing together theatrical representations. They would more willingly have abstained from a meal, than have once missed a performance at the play-house. To obtain the means of gratifying this taste, they translated several French comedies, such as the Hannibal of Marivaux, and the Gamester of Regnard. Thus, commenced Weisze's literary career. His first exclusive attempt, was an imitation of Petronius's Matron of Ephesus; this production, although it was revised and improved by Lessing, has always been considered a boyish performance. He now, likewise, began to compose anacreontic and lyric poems, in friendly emulation with Lessing, whom, however, he regarded as an inimitable master. In 1749, Lessing quitted Leipzig, and although Weisze kept up an occasional correspondence with him, their friendship gradually declined, until it became converted into irreconcilable enmity on the part of

Lessing, who listened to the tales of calumny which were circulated by the enemies of the latter. Weisze, in the mean time, notwithstanding his predilection for the drama, did not neglect the study of the Greek and Roman authors. In 1750, when he had finished his academical career, he saw himself destitute of the means of support; he consequently accepted the situation of private tutor to the young Count Gegersberg. This change of situation rather promoted than disturbed the progress of his studies; he wrote several plays, amongst others, *Juliane*, the Converted Husband, the Poets à la-mode, and *Richard the Third*, many of these possess durable merit. His literary activity was, however, interrupted by a journey to Paris, whither he was under the necessity of accompanying his pupil. Soon after his return from that metropolis, where, by associating with the first living French artists and men of letters, he greatly augmented his knowledge of science and the fine arts, he fixed his abode at Leipzig, and continued to reside there with the reputation of one of the most useful, if not of the most shining writers that Germany has produced. The best of his dramatic works are *Richard III.* and *Romeo and Juliet*, both original. Of his lyric poems, the songs of the Amazons, and the war songs of Tyrtæus, possess the most merit; and the most considerable of his works on education is, *Der Kinder-freund*, from which Berquin has borrowed the greatest part of his *Ami des Enfants*. Weisze enjoyed, for more than half a century, the love and

esteem of his fellow-countrymen, a tribute due both to his excellent private character, and to the important services which he rendered to the rising generation, by works written for their instruction. He knew most of the living writers, and lived on terms of friendship and familiarity with the best among them. Wieland, Ramler, Garve, and Utz, were each anxious to testify their regard for Weisze, by dedicating to him a favourite work. He terminated a life of extraordinary activity on the 16th of December, 1804, and died regretted, not merely by his friends and relations, but by all Germany. The funeral which his countrymen instituted in his honor, was more splendid than that of any other German poet, excepting Klopstock.

S O N G.

SWEETLY blooms the op'ning rose,
Spring's gay prime adorning,
When unpluckt and free it grows,
Bath'd with dew and morning.
But the blush on Laura's cheek,
Sweeter wonder raises ;
Haunts of Love, her dimples sleek—
Happy he who gazes !

Softly Zephyr bends the spray,
Fragrance softly showers,
Wafting all the sweets of May,
Stol'n from new-born flowers.
But her accents softer fall ;
(Nameless grace endears them :)
Rudest hearts their sounds inthrall—
Happy he who hears them !

S O N G.

ALL bereft of love and wine,
Joyless hours betide us;
Wealth and pow'r in vain combine,
Were they once denied us.
What can pow'r and wealth supply?
What Golconda's treasures?
Vain are all, if fate deny
Love and drinking pleasures.

When the toils of war are o'er,
Love's the hero's duty;
Choicest gifts of Fortune's store,
Wine and smiling beauty.
Sober mortals, cease to rail,
All your rules are musty:
No;—the ills of life prevail
Only when we're thirsty!

A N O N Y M O U S.

MORNING HYMN.

How smiles the op'ning dawn,
Wide o'er the spreading lawn,
As Night's dun shadows speed their flight!
Hail, Nature's charms divine!
Before her hallow'd shrine,
How glows my heart with fond delight!

Hail, Nature's sov'reign Lord!
At whose creative word,
The awe-inspiring scene arose!
Thy goodness grants me more
Than dare my pray'r implore;—
Than dare my ardent, fondest vows!

At Midnight's silent hour,
While Sleep's reviving pow'r
Gives health, and life, and vigorous joy,
Thy wakeful care presides,
Nor harm my soul betides;—
Nor fears my balmy rest annoy.

The new-born day how fair!
How sweet the freshen'd air!
How rings the grove with votive lays!
The tuneful song I'll join,
And chant thy name divine,
And swell the grateful note of praise.

SONG.

WITHIN these sacred bowers
The wretch shall find repose;
No gloomy vengeance lowers,
Soft Pity heals his woes.—
While Friendship's hand his steps shall stay,
And Hope shall point to brighter day.

Here, far from noise and folly,
Fraternal love presides;
And sweetest melancholy,
A hallow'd guest abides.
If scenes like these thy heart can share,
Then rest a welcome pilgrim here.

S O N G.

Love, from those bright eyes imparting,
Soft desire and am'rous care;
Through my breast his arrows darting,
Lives and reigns a tyrant there.
On thy cheek with blushes glowing,
When I print the eager kiss;
Heart and soul with joy o'erflowing,
Scarce can bear the thrilling bliss.
Dearest Maiden! whilst I hold thee,
'Gainst my panting, flutt'ring heart;—
Whilst my trembling arms infold thee,
Madd'ning bliss thy charms impart:
But too soon my ravish'd senses
Sink beneath oppressive joy:
Life and death thy smile dispenses;—
Bliss and pain alike destroy.

S O N G.

CUPID, wanton source of pain,
Could I bind thy pinion;
Ever then should'st thou remain
Slave to my dominion.
But in Spring the Nightingale,
Only glads the bower;—
And the leaves that strew the vale,
Speak chill Autumn's power.

Thus, alas ! but once in life,
Blossom Love's sweet roses ;—
Once, while vernal joys are rife,
Ere youth's season closes..
Vainly then shall youth defy
Beauty's soft dominion ;—
Vain the art that fain would tie
Cupid's silken pinion.

F R I E N D S H I P.

SURE not to Life's short span confin'd,
Shall sacred Friendship glow ;
Beyond the grave, the ardent mind
Its best delights shall know.

Blest scenes ! where ills no more annoy,
Where heav'n the flame approves ;
Where beats the heart to nought but joy,
And ever lives and loves !

There Friendship's matchless worth shall shine
To hearts like ours so dear !
There angels own its pow'r divine ;
Its native home is there.

Tho' here below, sweet Friendship's charm
Its soft delights display ;
Yet souls like ours, so touch'd, so warm,
Still pant for brighter day !

TO FORTUNE.

O FORTUNE, fickle goddess,
A moment, quit the care
Of thrones and jarring empires,
And 'neath my roof repair.
A kind regard, O deign me !
One smile—no more I claim :
Nor pants my soul for treasures ;—
Content, its fondest aim !

Be small my simple dwelling,
Nor round with baubles strewn ;
Just room for frolic measures,
A gay repast to crown ;—
Repast of unbought dainties,
My garden's modest grace ;
The woodland's plumy tenants,
The riv'let's finny race.

Let Flora deck my borders,
With many a lovely flow'r ;
The grape, in mellow clusters,
Intwine my rustic bow'r ;
And let the purple nectar,
The gen'rous vine bestows,
Be quaff'd to Love and Friendship,
Beneath the pendant boughs :—

To Love, the choicest blessing,
That favour'd mortals taste !—
To Friendship, gift of heaven,
That sweetens Life's repast !
This, grant me, gentle goddess,
No farther boon I crave :—
Thy golden favours, lavish
On vain Ambition's slave !

S O N G.

To sing of Love's passion, I'm call'd by my fair—
Ah ! who would not sing whén commanded by her ?
Yet Love's softest languish,
Creates but new anguish,
So fain, gentle maid, the fond theme I'd forbear.

Young Cupid triumphant, in mischief well skill'd,
Subdues mighty princes, and keeps the fair field.

Ambition declining,
To beauty resigning,
Each chief for the myrtle, the laurel shall yield.

The coward grows daring, and pants for the fray ;
The miser free-hearted, the splenetic gay :

Grave wisdom admiring,
Grows mad with desiring ;
The bachelor sighs for the fair till he's grey.

Yet when the fond heart is bewilder'd in joy,
And Love's softest raptures the moments employ ;

Dear pleasures so cheating !
Soft transports so fleeting !
A smile can give life, and a frown can destroy !

Should Jealousy's torments imbitter the woe,
That arises from absence, what anguish shall flow !

What moaning and sighing !
Despairing and dying !
Ah ! who shall describe what the lover shall know ?

To urge the soft subject, then cease, gentle fair ;
I'm ill at such numbers, nor further shall dare :
For Love's softest languish,
Creates but new anguish,
And hence, dearest maid, the fond theme I forbear.

S O N G.

A CAPTIVE long in Laura's train,
I strive to break my irksome chain;
And oft, to sooth my am'rous care,
I scan the charms of ev'ry fair.

A form as graceful oft I find ;
Yet nought to vie with Laura's mind :
And smiles that equal life dispense,
But nought to match with Laura's sense :—

And looks as sweet, as void of art ;—
Yet nought to emulate her heart :
A check as fresh, as bright an eye ;—
But nought with Laura's worth to vie.

Thus Laura, cause of all my pain,
Still charms and preserves her reign ;
And I at once am doom'd to prove,
The slave of Reason and of Love.

R U R A L L I F E.

To rural joys and purer air,
Ye city nymphs and swains, repair :
The whisp'ring grove, the garden's bound,
Each peaceful dwelling skirts around ;

No lordly pile obstructs the way,
Nor veils the cheerful face of day;
And freely o'er the flow'ry meads,
The moon her silver lustre sheds.

At early morn, the villager
Resumes his daily, pleasing care :
For him the vernal landscape blooms ;
For him the hawthorn sheds perfumes ;
His borders glow with many a flow'r ;
The nightingale awakes his bow'r ;
The bee prepares her nectar'd hoard,
And fair Pomona decks his board.

Then hither hie, ye courtly train,
And share the pleasures of the plain ;
Forsake the city's irksome glare,
And leave behind each sordid care.
Let Love alone your breast invade,
Fit inmate of the rural shade :
Haste here, your tender vows declare,
And soon shall yield the soften'd fair.

S O N G.

WHAT feels the soften'd bosom,
The gentler virtues sway,
Best suits the Muse's favour,
And breathes the sweetest lay.

While Sympathy awakens
Attention's ready ear,
And spreads the soft infection,
And prompts the pleasing tear.

Let poets sing of heroes
And all the pomp of war,
And such as pant for glory,
Attend with eager ear;—
Be mine an humbler triumph,
My theme the rural plain,
My boast, the simple numbers
That charm the village-swain.

And would my blooming Daphne
But lend her ear the while,
And one kind look would deign me,
And one approving smile;—
I'd envy not the poet,
Though wreaths adorn his brow,
And envy not the hero,
For whom the numbers flow.

S O N G.

WHENE'ER a comely lass I spy,
All lost in soft surprise,
I thank my stars, begin to sigh,
Then own her conqu'ring eyes.

And while I gaze my wits away,
And fondly bless my fate,
My captive heart bespeaks her sway,
And flutters pit-a-pat !

At first, perchance, the bashful fair,
To Love is disinclin'd :
So let her be—I little care,
Ere long she grows more kind.
For soon we smiling looks impart,
Soon toy, and flirt, and chat ;
Then Love invades her yielding heart,
And mine beats pit-a-pat !

And now, as oft the maid I greet,
Her hand I softly press ;
And oft the gentle squeeze repeat,
Oft taste a rifled kiss,
While silent joys each bosom charm,
And check our am'rous chat,
Each heart beats high to Love's alarm,
And flutters pit-a-pat !

To him who ne'er such rapture proves,
How cheerless wears the day !—
How poor the wretch that never loves,
Nor yields to Beauty's sway !
O may the heart of softer frame,
With pleasure beat like that,
Which all alive to Love's dear name,
Still flutters pit-a-pat !

S O N G.

At Lucy's door was Colin seen;
He knock'd, and ask'd, "is none within?
" 'Tis Colin calls; haste, gentle maid,"
She came, and, "No," she said.

He sigh'd and sued in piteous plight,
"No, no," she cries, "I die with fright,
" 'Tis late, 'tis dark, I'm all alone:
" It must not be;—be gone."

O'erwhelm'd with grief, he moves away,
Now lists, now hears her turn the key,
And softly cry, "A moment, come;
" One word, then speed thee home."

With prying wish the neighbours burn,
And watch and wait the youth's return;
And true he came;—but not till day,
They laugh'd—he slunk away!



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BESIDE a fountain's border,
Where wanton Zephyrs rove,
A Nymph, in sweet disorder,
Now sleeps in yonder grove.
If thus her beauties charm me,
All sleeping as she lies,
What ills, alas ! shall harm me,
When once she opes her eyes !

On her white arm reposing,
Reclines her lovely cheek,
Far sweeter tints disclosing,
Than May's sweet mornings deck.
What tender fears alarm me !
What tender hopes arise !—
Alas ! what ills shall harm me,
When once she opes her eyes !

And fain would I discover,
What pains my breast invade;
But, ah! too timid Lover!
My lips refuse their aid.
May Love with boldness arm me,
And check desponding sighs;
Or, oh! what ills shall harm me,
When once she opes her eyes!

DRINKING SONG.

To Bacchus, dear Bacchus, an altar I'll raise,
And, full of his presence, grow wild in his praise.
Approach, thirsty topers, no ills shall annoy,
But wine flow in plenty, and plenty of joy.
We'll drain the bowl empty, and drink away care,
If endless such pleasures, how happy it were!

And Venus, bright Goddess, the incense shall share,
And bumpers be quaff'd to the health of each fair:
In Love's happy triumph each beauty shall shine,
And heighten the joys of the juice of the vine.
We'll drink, and we'll love, and we'll laugh away care,
If endless such pleasures, how happy it were!

L O V E

WHAT shall the heart's best wish supply,
Its fondest ardors move?—
Not Wealth the potent charm shall buy,
Nor ought that wakes Ambition's sigh;—
'Tis Love, 'tis only Love!

Then, listless Maid, thine ear incline,
Nor scorn my constant sigh:—
Proud fame and splendor I resign,
Nor kneel at vain Ambition's shrine;—
Thy smile shall all supply!

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

WHEN my fond eyes on Nancy gaze,
Some charm, before unseen, I spy:
Whene'er I list, in soft amaze,
The more I love, the more I die.

And whilst I look with fond surprise,
And pleasing torture on my fair,
I wish for Argus' hundred eyes,
And wish to gaze for ever there.

But when my Nancy's voice I hear,
And when she strikes the trembling strings ;
I wish each eye were made an ear,
To list with angels while she sings.

INVITATION TO MAY.

RETURN, delightful May,
And robe the trees with green ;
Bid Music wake the spray,
And glad the vernal scene.
The cowslip's bell restore,
The rose's blush revive ;
Thy wonted treasures pour,
And bid creation live.

In vain, while Winter's gloom
Invades the drooping plain ;
In quest of Joy we roam,
'Mid Fashion's motley train.
Joy shuns the noisy town,
The midnight masquerade ;
From courts and cities flown,
She haunts the rural shade.

And well the rural shade,
Befits a guest so fair :
Then haste, bedeck the mead,
Haste, all thy stores prepare.

Sweet month, bring garlands gay,
 And bring the nightingale :
 O haste, delightful May,
 And Winter's gloom dispel !

TO THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

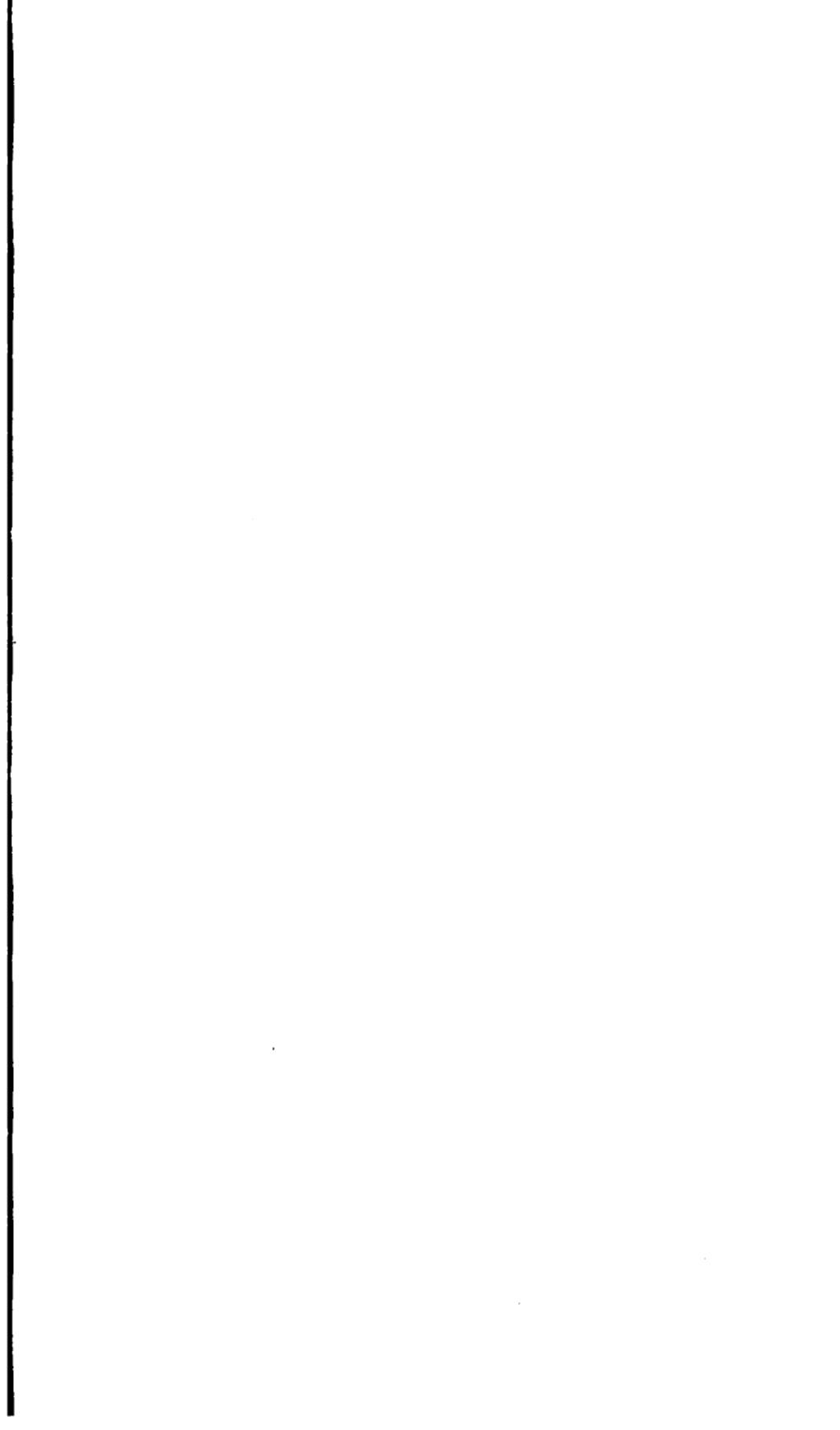
WHILE titled suppliants throng the glitt'ring scene,
 To hail the day that gave the world a Queen ;
 Shall regal beauty deign to lend an ear,
 Nor scorn a bard uncourtly and sincere ?
 Who sees, undazzled, scepter'd pomp display'd,
 Yet bows to worth, that shames all borrow'd aid ;
 To worth that shines untarnish'd on a throne,
 In fair Louisa's bright example shown !
 O, form'd alike to grace the courtly scene,
 Or smile the sweetest on the village-green ;
 To charm alike the heart, the eye, the ear,
 And claim the palm, though all around were fair ;
 Amid the varied incense of the day,
 Accept the tribute of an honest lay ;
 Nor deem the praise it bears, tho' warm it flows,
 An eulogy that flattery's breath bestows :—
 For know, while such desert shall grace the theme,
 That praise for truth is but another name.

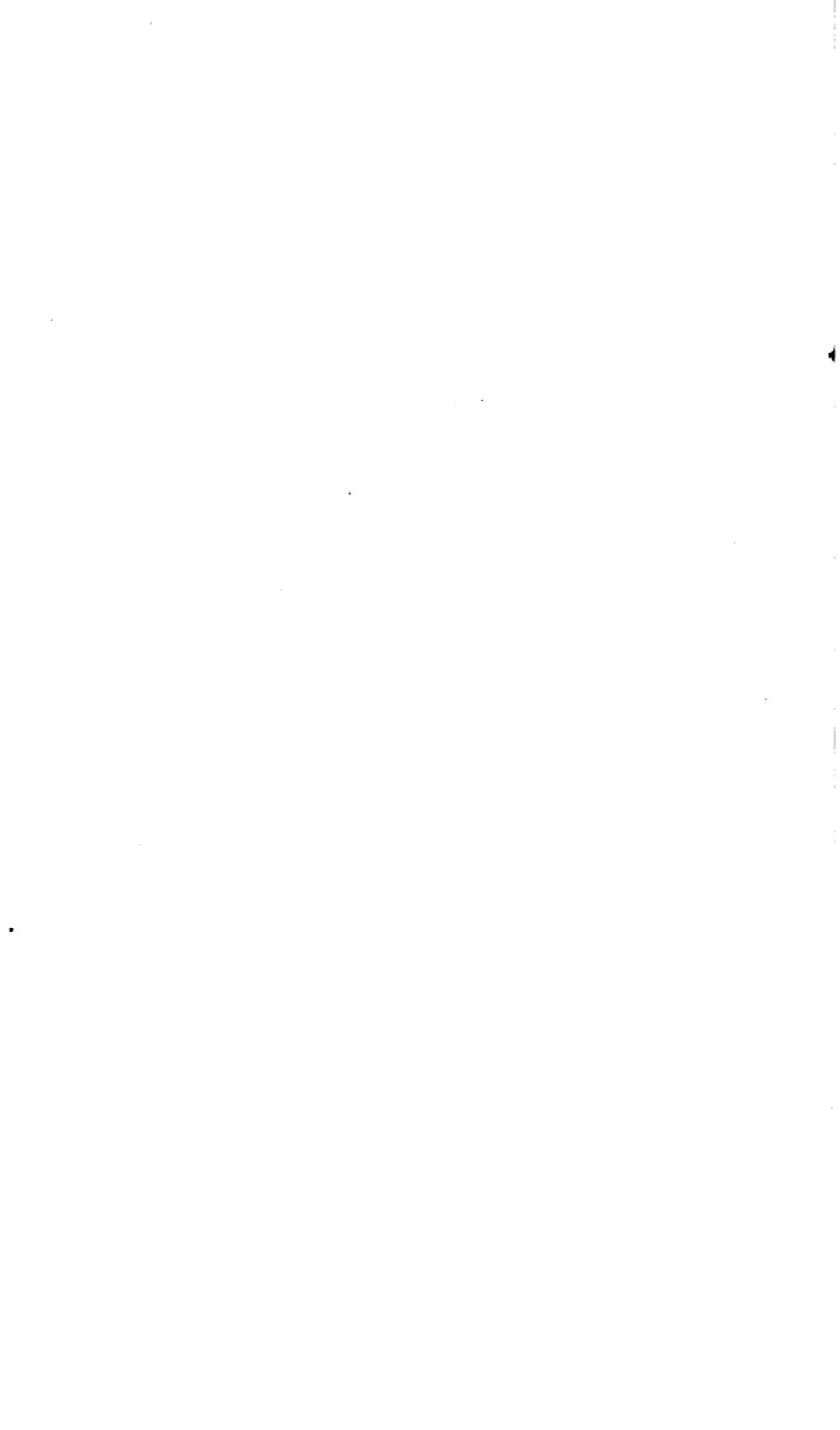
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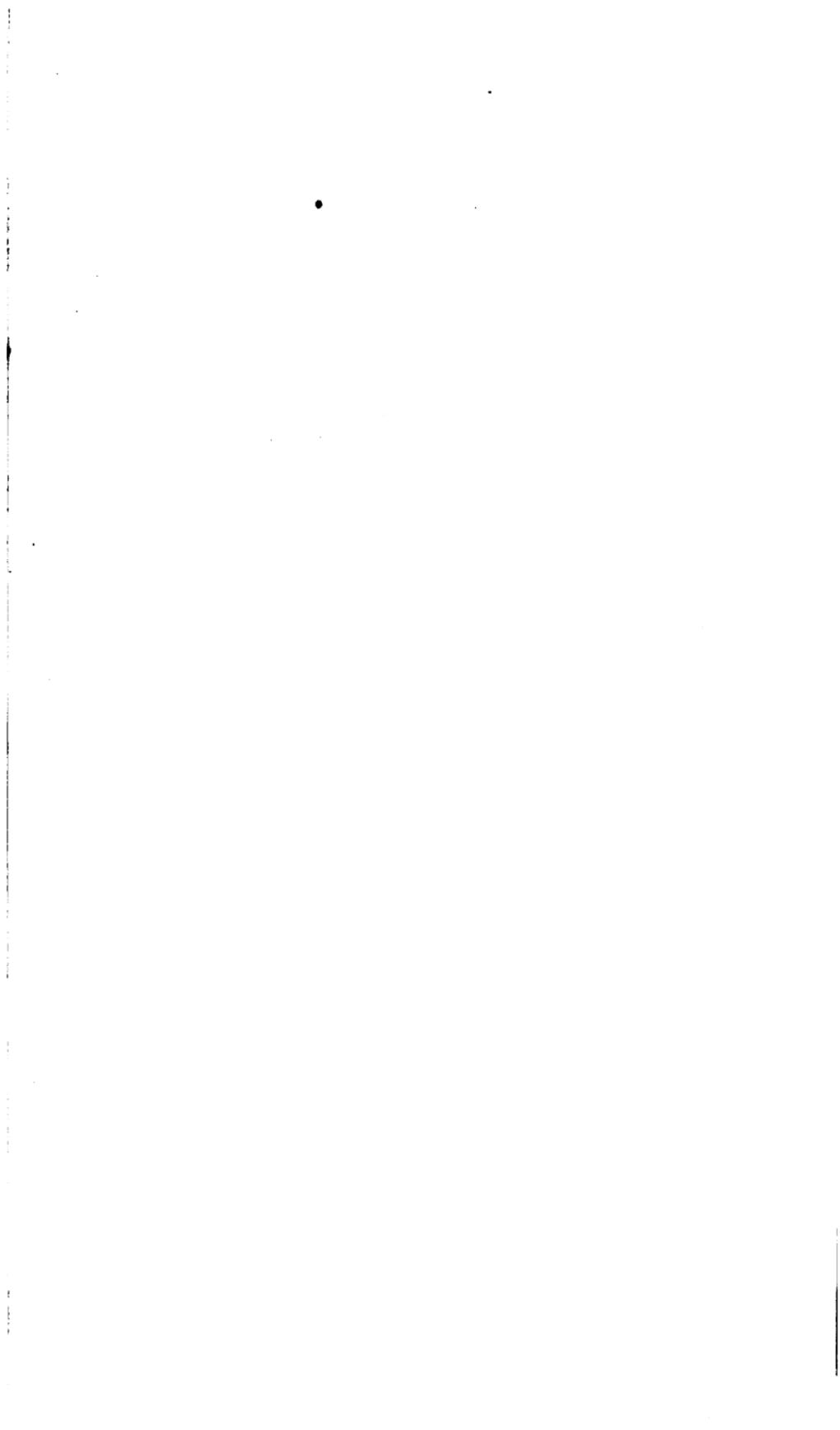


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